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MEANS AND ENDS;

OR,

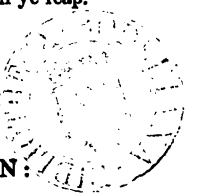
SELF-TRAINING.

By C. M. SEDGWICK,

AUTHOR OF

"REDWOOD," "HOPE LESLIE," "POOR RICH MAN," &c.

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."



LONDON:
CHARLES TILT, FLEET STREET.
1839.

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MEANS AND ENDS.

tations that are entertained of them; and may thus afford some light, which cannot be got from the necessarily imperfect, and often erroneous, observations of foreign travellers.

I trust I shall be pardoned one word of egotism. Having, on my arrival in London, found that a small portion of the manuscript had been lost in its transmission from America, the trouble of supplying it has been more than compensated by the satisfaction of feeling for the moment a more direct connexion with the English press. I may add, that being in this beautiful land of my ancestors,—the land that has produced whatever the world has known of best and greatest,—I feel an inexpressible pleasure in the possibility that I may confer benefit even on one of its humble homes.

C. M. S.

HALF MOON STREET, PICCADILLY,
22nd June, 1839.

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MEANS AND ENDS,

OR

SELF-TRAINING.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

"WHAT is education?" asked a teacher of a class of girls. Young persons, when asked such general questions, do not reply promptly. They have no thoughts on the subject, and therefore have nothing to say, or, their thoughts not being arranged, they are not ready to answer, or, they may be too diffident to answer at all. On this occasion half the girls were silent, and the rest replied, "I don't know, sir."

"Oblige me, girls, by saying something," urged the teacher. "The word is not Greek—surely you have some ideas about it. What is your notion of education, Mary Bliss?"

"Does it not mean, sir, learning to read and write?" Mary Bliss paused, and the girl next

her added, "and ciphering, sir, and grammar and geography?"

"Yes, it means this, and something more. What is your idea of education, Sarah Johnson?"

"I did not suppose education meant much more than the girls have mentioned, sir. Mr. Smith said, at the Lyceum Lecture, that the great mass of the people received their education at the common schools; and the girls have named nearly all that we learn at the common schools."

"Does not education mean," asked Maria Jarvis, "the learning young men get at colleges? I often hear people say of a man that 'he has had an education,' when they mean merely that he has been through college."

"You are right, Maria, in believing this to be a commonly received meaning of the term 'education,' but it means much more; and as it is important to you to have right and fixed ideas on this subject, I earnestly beg you all to give me your attention while I attempt to explain to you its full meaning.

"A great man, Mr. Locke, said, 'that the difference to be found in the manners and abilities of men is owing more to their education than anything else.' Now, as you are all acquainted with men who have never seen the inside of a college, and yet who are superior in 'manners and abilities' to some others who have passed some of the best years of their lives there, you

must conclude that education is not confined to college walls.

"You are born with certain faculties. Whatever tends to develope and improve these is education. Whatever trains your mental powers, your affections, manners, and habits, is education. Your education is not limited to any period of your life, but is going on as long as you live. Whatever prepares you to be a profitable servant of God, and a faithful disciple of Christ; whatever increases your reverence and love of your Maker—all that in scripture is called the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord,'—is a part of your religious *education*.

"Whatever you do to promote your health, to develope and improve the strength and powers of your body, is a part of your physical *education*."

"What, sir!" interrupted little Mary Lewis, "do you mean that running, and jumping rope, and trundling hoops, and clambering over rocks, is a part of *education?*"

"I certainly do—but why do you laugh, my dear child?"

"Because, sir, I never knew that education meant anything so pleasant as that. I wish my mother could hear you, sir; she would let me play more, instead of studying all the time, if she only knew that driving hoop was called *education*."

The teacher smiled and proceeded—"Whatever calls forth your affections and strengthens

them, whatever directs and subdues your passions, whatever cultivates your virtues, and whatever improves your manners, is a part of your moral *education*."

"Then," said the same lively little girl, "that is what my mother means when she says, 'there is a *lesson* for you, Anne!' every time any one of the family does any good thing. It seems to me, I am *educating* all the time."

"You are, Anne—the world is your school, and good examples are your very best lessons. Whatever unfolds the faculties of your mind, improves your talents, and augments your stores of knowledge, is a part of your intellectual *education*.

"Whatever improves your capacity for domestic affairs, or for business of any sort, is a part of your economical education. Now you will perceive from what I have said, that education is not confined to schools and colleges, but that, as Anne has very well remarked, we are 'educating all the time.' Nor is the conduct of education confined to professed teachers; we are educating one another.

"While I am teaching you geography and arithmetic, you are perhaps trying my patience, or by your own patience calling forth my gratitude. If I make progress in these virtues, you are helping on my moral education.

"The knowledge you impart to one another, the kindnesses you receive, the loves you exchange, are all a part of your education. When

you learn to sweep a room, to make a bed, or a cup of tea, a shirt, or a loaf of bread, you are getting on in your education.

"Every thing around us, my children, may help forward this great work. The sun, the moon, and the stars teach their sublime lessons. 'Day unto day uttereth knowledge.' The seasons make their revelations. The rain and snow, dews and frost, the trees and rocks, fruits and flowers, plants, herbs, the very stones and grass we tread upon, are full of instruction to those who study them.

"All the events and circumstances of your lives are contributing to your education. Your classmate, Lucy Davis, has been absent from school the last two months. Reflect on what I have been saying to you, and then tell me whether Lucy, during this time, though she has not looked into a school-book, has made any progress in her education?"

The girls were silent and thoughtful for a few moments. Maria Jarvis spoke first.

"Lucy's 'economical education, as you call it, sir," she said, "has been going on, for she has had the care of the family, and every thing to do, all through her mother's illness."

"And I guess she has been going ahead in her 'moral education,'" interposed little Mary Lewis, "for I never saw any body so patient as she was with her mother's cross baby."

"And she has not lost this opportunity for improving in her 'religious education,' resumed

the teacher. You all saw her yesterday at her mother's funeral, subduing the grief of her little sisters by her quiet resignation and affectionate devotion to them. Ah, she has been taking lessons in more important branches of education than are taught in schools!

"So you see, my dear children, that life is a school—a primary school; and that we are all scholars, and are all preparing for a day of examination, when the infallible, all-seeing Judge will decide how we have profited by our means of *education*."

CHAPTER II.

FORETHOUGHT.

To my Young Countrywomen,—

I HAVE written the following pages to aid you in your *self-education.* They are intended for girls from ten to sixteen years of age. I am aware there are girls of ten years whom I can scarcely hope to interest, and I rejoice to believe there are many, between the ages of ten and sixteen, so blessed in their characters and condition, that they do not need any aid I can give them.

I earnestly beg of you who read the book, your attention, for it depends on yourselves whether it do you any service. It has been written with a deep interest in your welfare and improvement, and I should be sorry if it proved a total failure.

It is not written exclusively for those who are termed young *ladies.* I do not believe in any such fixed class in our country.

Whatever there is that characterises a young lady, which is important to a rational being, may be attained by every thinking and reading young woman in our land. I therefore address rich and poor; you, my young friends, who are conveyed in your fathers' coaches to the spacious apartments of a city boarding-school, and you, my dear little girls, who trudge up and down the rugged steeps of our hill-country to the secluded district school-house.

You have, my young friends, duties and privileges that are peculiar to you as American girls. The females of the Eastern world have been kept in a depressed and helpless condition. They have been looked upon as born merely to serve men, and in various ways to minister to their pleasure. They have never enjoyed an independent and individual existence, and have only been allowed to live as part and parcel of men; the subjects of their love, and their domestic slaves. Mahomet did not, as has been maintained, deny to them immortality, but the institutions of his religion deprived them of all means of preparing for it.

The consequence of this abject condition has been, that they have remained children all their lives. The favourites of the Sultan at Constantinople amuse themselves with blind man's buff, hunt the slipper, and other sports of our nursery children.

The women of the highly civilised countries of

Europe are divided into distinct ranks. They are separated by boundary lines that are seldom passed. Those of the upper ranks are exempted from manual labour.* Those of the lower order are wholly confined to it, so that they have neither time nor opportunity to cultivate their minds, and refine their manners.

There is, it is true, a middling class whose occupations are multifarious like those of our women. But their condition differs from ours in one material respect. There is a rank above them with which they never associate; therefore their qualifications for business, and their acquaintance with domestic services, will appear to be the attributes of an inferior *caste*, and will, on that account, be branded with vulgarity.

There are no distinctions in America which are certain and permanent, but those of education and character. The tenant of a log-house in the western wilderness acquires independence, and becomes a representative to Congress, and his wife and daughters figure in the drawing-rooms of Washington. The merchant of New York fails in business, and removes his family from Broadway to a prairie-house.

You should look forward to these possible vicissitudes, and be prepared for them. You have

* An Englishwoman of this class told me, that when she read in one of Cooper's novels of a young lady washing up the breakfast-cups, she was exceedingly diverted, and for the first time conceived the idea that a lady could habitually perform menial services.

it in your own power to fit yourselves by the cultivation of your minds, and the refinement of your manners, for intercourse, on equal terms, with the best society in our land; and whatever may be your present condition, you should acquire the domestic knowledge that will make the humblest home comfortable.

But it is not only these rare and striking changes that make this various preparation the duty of American women. The condition of our country calls for more enlarged powers in our women. The northern mother and housewife needs them. The southern matron eminently needs them. Old prejudices and old abuses are fast melting away from among us. Here generous-minded men are allowing women's claim to a more independent existence, and more various employments, than they have enjoyed elsewhere.

I ask you then, my young friends, to deserve the increased respect of the other sex, and you will surely receive it; to qualify yourselves for more various employments, and you will certainly obtain them.

As christian young women, well informed of your responsibility to God, and of his good gifts to you, you are bound to cultivate and use all your faculties. As American young women, you are bound to understand your extended privileges, and to qualify yourselves for your better position in social life.

At the risk of addressing you on a subject for

which you are not yet deemed quite old enough, I shall, before you enter on my book, refer to a circumstance in your future lives.

Young, very young girls, are often talking, and oftener thinking of love and marriage. If they chance to speak on these subjects before their elders, they are met with such rebuffs as "how ridiculous, child! as if you would ever be married." "My dear! put such thoughts out of your head as soon as possible." Now it is impossible that you should drive away such thoughts. God has appointed marriage. He designed you for it. It is the great circumstance of your lives. The part of true wisdom, then, is not to make a useless effort to expel the subject from your mind, but to turn your forethought to some good purpose.

Do not look forward to your marriage as merely an occasion, to be preceded by fears, and hopes, and love stratagems, by love-letters, passionate vows, sudden crosses, and intense joys—to be marked by gay bridals and bridal gifts, and all the eclat that youth and beauty lend to the most interesting circumstance of woman's life. But look at it as it really is, as an event that is to invest you with new responsibilities and duties whose consequences extend far beyond this world, and educate yourselves with reference to those responsibilities and duties.

If you were told that you were to remove to a certain place, would not your first inquiries be,

"how shall I be situated there?"—"what shall I want?" And is it not wise *now* to ask, "for what am I to prepare myself?"

It is not enough, believe me, to get hard lessons in arithmetic, grammar, and geography, French, Italian, and music, or even to go on to algebra, astronomy, &c. &c. More than all this is required to make you a good wife and mother.

Look at the condition of your mothers. Do they not need, every day, resolution, fortitude, firmness, self-control? Do they not require the knowledge that will enable them to unfold the minds, and preserve and fortify the health, of their children? Ought they not to know the value of labour and the uses of property? Is not an acquaintance with domestic economy essential to the comfort and prosperity of their families?

If your mothers know something of the constitution, laws, and institutions of their country, are they not the better qualified to instruct you and your brothers, and do you not respect them the more for this knowledge?

Perhaps, my young friend, your mother is a widow, and was qualified by her education to take care of the estate which your father, knowing her so qualified, committed to her care. *Investment* and *Income* are not to her, as to most women, terms as unintelligible as *Abracadabra.*

What your mothers now are, you may be. Now, therefore, so educate yourselves that it

may be said of you, in the language of scripture, "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

A happy wife and mother is undoubtedly the happiest of all womankind; but do not, therefore, my dear girls, fall into the common error of believing that marriage makes happiness, or is necessary to it; or that, as a single woman, you must, of course, be discontented or despised. It is not in the power of *circumstances* to make you either.

Women by their defective educations have been left helpless and dependent on men for support and protection. This has been the most effective cause of those marriages, (the curse of woman, and man too,) without affection on the one side, and respect on the other.

Be sure to be so educated that you can have an independent pursuit, something to occupy your time and interest your affections; then marriage will not be essential to your usefulness, respectability, and happiness. Then you will not be the *old maid*, touched by every ill word, and dependent on every chance kindness, but you will secure an independent existence, and the power of dispensing to others.

God has not given you powers for one sphere only. He has not bestowed upon you affections to be uprooted and thrown away, unless they grasp husband and children.

Those affections, well nurtured, may be a rich

stream, enriching and blessing, though flowing out of its natural channel.

Educate yourselves well, my dear children, and then you will be "equal to either fortune;" —wives or single women, you will be blessings and blessed.

CHAPTER III.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

THERE appeared once on an eminence so elevated as to look over an immense circuit of country, a beautiful female of celestial origin. The day was not quite gone, but the moon, not yet at the full, had risen above the eastern horizon, and moved a queen through a field of clear azure, while the west, against which the figure of the female was relieved, was glowing with a yellow so deep and brilliant, that it appeared like a shower of molten gold, and in the south were floating light clouds tinged with the hues of the rainbow.

The eyes of mortals were suddenly arrested and fixed on the lone and lovely figure of the female. Truth was stamped on her brow, with that union of power and repose, which the ideal artists have given to their most exquisite works. Her eyes so glowed with devotion, that it seemed as if she lit a holy flame in every mortal on whom they were for a moment turned; and in

every movement of her beautiful mouth, love, and the virtues that attend it, charity, mercy, and pity, were expressed.

Crowds upon crowds gathered around her. Some boldly and ostentatiously pressed forward, appearing rather as if they were the champions than the servants of this heaven-born creature. On these she looked coldly, and her look seemed to say, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of!"

Others there were who in their hot zeal pressed almost to her feet, and prostrated themselves before her, professing themselves ready to spend their days and nights in praying, and singing praises to her. To these she said kindly, for she knew them to be real though misapprehending friends, "Children, ye mistake my service. My followers are bound to instant and constant work—*doing* and *suffering* are their watchwords, and if, in the midst of their labours and endurings, spontaneous expressions of love and praise burst from their lips, be sure they will come up to my ears like most sweet music."

Throughout this great multitude there were dispersed, persons wearing solemn masks, with painted tears, who thrust themselves forward, jostling the humble and quiet on the right hand and the left, and stifling with their loud professions the still small voices. Some looked on them suspiciously, others were deluded by their pretensions, and respectfully gave way to them, but the moment the eye of that majestic woman

fell upon them, "Ye hypocrites!" she said, and their masks dropped. They stood revealed her bitterest enemies, and glad would they have been, had the earth opened and hidden them from the general indignation and contempt.

There was a group of young females kneeling on her right. Their faces expressed even more reverence than their attitudes, and faith and a most sweet modesty mingling with this reverence. "We would be thy disciples," they said, in a voice so low that it seemed as the breathing of their souls, "what shall we do in thy service?" She bent lovingly towards them, and replied, "Ye are my lambs. I would fain carry you in my bosom, but ye have work to do—I will be your guide; listen to my instructions.

"My children, there is a law in the physical world which declares that the earth, though made for man, shall not become his property till he has put labour upon it. A similar law exists in that moral world which is subjected to my dominion. I see among you some who are endowed by Nature with sweet temper, generosity, benevolence, and even with truth. These qualities, though of use to you and your fellow-beings, are Nature's, not yours, till you have well applied and improved them; then they lose the name of qualities and take that of virtues, and then I set my seal upon them, and whoever would attempt to efface it, would sunder that which God hath joined together. With my

stamp they remain yours in all exigencies and trials, and are the brighter for these, as is gold for the fire through which it passes.

"It is by your relation to me that you are exalted above the animals you see grazing in yonder fields. They have affections, gratitude, and generosity, but my seal is never affixed to these gifts of Nature to them. They live and die in ignorance of my power, and even of my existence. To you I have brought a revelation from that bright world whence I came, and to which by my aid only you can attain.

"Ye, my faithful ones, must not linger here with those who are for ever vainly repeating my name and my praises—ye have work—ye have, each, a mission to perform. Sorrow not that this bodily shape must disappear from your sight —I will be alway with you.

"Beware of the common mistake of thinking that, to devote yourselves to me, you must quit your common occupations and pursuits. This would be profitless to us both, but take me with you wherever you go. Domesticate me in your homes. I will secure your affectionate obedience to your parents, and your mutual love, for love and I ever dwell together. I will sweeten and lighten your domestic labours, and their fruit shall be prosperity and comfort. While I dwell with you, your homes shall be fountains of charity, and habitations of prayer, of praise, and of peace.

"Take me with you to your school-rooms. I

will there give you zeal for knowledge, fidelity, docility, perseverance, and patience.

"Let me enter with you into the darkened chamber of the sick, and your eye will not droop with watching, nor will you become weary in your kind ministerings. I will put into your mouth words of warning, of instruction, and of hope for the departing spirit. And, for the mourner, I will give you divine consolations. I will tell you when to stoop to the fallen, and teach you how to reclaim the wanderer. And when sickness and sorrow come to you, as surely they will, (for they come to all,) your hearts shall not fail, for you will feel my arms around you, bearing you to that world where they come not.

"Think not that my service is all labour. I have my feast-days and my temples. Within them are the ever-changing beauties of the earth, and over them hang the glories of the firmament."

The voice ceased. The golden light faded from the west. The majestic form of RELIGION disappeared, and her disembodied spirit entered the hearts of her young disciples, who, rising from their knees, perceived the heavenly messenger had left in their hands the revelation of which she had spoken, a volume of divine origin, —*the Bible.*

Miss Edgeworth, a benefactress to the young

and old of the reading world, has somewhere represented one of her young people (our charming friend, Rosamond, I believe,) as making a division of desirable things into "*must haves*" and "*may wants.*" I advise my young friends to keep these terms in their minds, and in their self-education always to consider what is essential, and what merely desirable,—that is, what they *must have*, and what they *may want.*

In the above allegory, I have endeavoured to set before you the first *must have* of every human being, so much the first, that it is strikingly called in scripture, the "one thing needful."

I have avoided a separate dissertation on religion and morality. Not that I do not consider them infinitely above everything else to be attained, but that I wish you to look upon them as not existing separately, but as entering into all your pursuits, and all your occupations. I wish you to realise that there is not an office so humble, nor a service so seemingly earthly, but that it may develope a religious feeling, and may be consecrated by a christian use. What is more purely earthly than eating and drinking? and yet we are told by the apostle Paul, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, *do all to the glory of God.*"

You know not what changes there may be in your condition in another stage of your existence; nor what knowledge and attainments essential to your well-being in this world may be

superfluous in another. For instance, you may have no occasion for geography and arithmetic there; but if you pursued these studies with a religious sense of the duty of cultivating the faculties God has given you, and of making a practical use of your attainments, you will have improved your religious sense, and helped others with your knowledge, and thereby the better prepared yourself for another sphere.

Nursing and housewifery, so necessary to our comfort in this world, will be quite useless when we escape from our mortal diseases and corporeal wants. Not so, remember, the virtues without which you can never be a good nurse, or a skilful housewife—patience and tenderness, order and benevolence.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOL EDUCATION.

As this book is designed, my young friends, to give you hints on general subjects relative to your self-education, I intended to have omitted entirely the topic of school-education, as out of the sphere of my remarks. But a few suggestions, on this subject, will not be superfluous to those who may not be blessed with discreet and competent teachers.

We hope the day is not far distant when every young person in the United States will be taught to read, write, and spell. Even now almost every native of the Eastern states can read, write, and spell. But how do they read? Few with such understanding of what they read, such distinctness of articulation, and correctness of intonation, as to make their reading a benefit and pleasure to their hearers. We seldom hear good reading from the pulpit, and yet good reading is all but an indispensable accomplishment to a preacher. How precious is a good reader in a family circle! one who can take up a paper or book, and read so impressively as to awaken the

attention of the younger members of the family, and so clearly as to make those hear, without a painful effort, whose hearing is dulled. Good reading is an elegant accomplishment, as well as one of the *must haves* of education.

Some lavish, my young friends, a vast deal of time and money to learn to play on the piano, and yet, is not good reading, an attainment costing nothing but attention and practice, worth more? I think so, though I would gladly hear the sound of vocal and instrumental music rise from every dwelling in our land.

Good writing, (penmanship,) is less rare than good reading, but far from universal. Bear in mind, in learning to write, that the two important things to be attained are, to write legibly, and to write rapidly, and these may certainly be acquired by practice and attention. You have only carefully to imitate a good model. Flourishes are in bad taste, difficult to acquire, and we believe discountenanced by good teachers. Neatness is important to a good writer, not only neatness in the handwriting, but in preparing your paper, preserving it from soiling, and in folding and directing a letter or a note.

"I do not know who that note came from," said a lady to me as I was reading one, "but I know it came from a well-bred person."

"Why?"

"Because it is neatly written, folded, directed, and sealed, and none but well-bred persons do these things as they should be."

The note was from a young girl, a domestic in a friend's family. The girl had had no extraordinary advantages. She had been taught to write, and she had observed how notes were folded, directed, and sealed by well-bred persons. This little note proved two important things—first, that any one with attention and perseverance may write a good hand; and secondly, that good breeding is not necessarily confined to any condition of life.

We have more than once heard ladies say, with great self-complacency, that none but a lady could fold and direct a letter well. We hope that such invidious distinctions are passing away.

A good handwriting may enable a woman to get her living, and whatever enlarges the bounds of women's employments, is most desirable. Writing is far better paid than sewing. We have known a widow nearly support herself and two children in the city of New York by copying for lawyers. She wrote a *rapid and legible hand.*

Some winters since, there was a heavy extra job of copying to be done at one of the government offices in Washington. President Jackson ordered it to be given to those among certain needy women who could write well. Fortunate were they, in that severe and suffering winter, who were found to have a good handwriting.

Bad spelling is a sure indication of an imperfect education, and it is so general, that we recently heard it lamented publicly by the super-

intendent of the public schools. Surely the natives of our northern states should feel it to be a disgrace to spell incorrectly. If you can read, *attention* will make you a good speller.

Arithmetic is justly considered a *must have* in education.

We have heard several intelligent men of sound judgment say, that they considered a knowledge of arithmetic the most important knowledge to be obtained from books. This study has been so simplified, and rendered so agreeable by improved books, that I believe, my young friends, it is no longer among your dreaded tasks.

But is arithmetic as thoroughly and practically learned as it should be? Are girls qualified to keep their own accounts?—to keep the family accounts? Do they understand book-keeping? If women were well accomplished in arithmetic, many avenues to employments would be opened that are now shut against them. Arithmetic has a tendency to strengthen the mind, and to inspire a love of order and accuracy, and thus aids women where they are most defective. If, my young friends, you could now realize, that on your perseverance in this study may depend your power to regulate the expenses of your families, —to administer on your husbands' estates, or to acquire a livelihood, would you let the present opportunity pass, to verify the old adage, by first feeling the worth of it when you feel the want of it?

An historian tells us, that so late as the ele-

venth and twelfth century, the nobles of France knew only so much of geography as they learned by travelling from place to place. Now, every little school-girl among you, with her books, charts, maps, and globes, makes acquaintance with all the known parts of the earth.

As to the other studies pursued at schools, general advice would be useless. You will be governed by your parents and teachers, your individual characters, tastes, and opportunities.

As a general rule, it would be absurd for a child who goes to school but three months in the year, to study Latin and rhetoric, and take lessons in drawing; but if you have a constant and keen desire, and a talent for these studies, you should, I think, pursue them,—you will make your own opportunities.

Bear it in mind, that it is more important *how* you study, than *what* you study.

I will give you the examples of three school-girls I have known intimately, and you shall judge which was likely to profit most by her school education.

Julia Willet is the daughter of a rich merchant in one of our large cities. She has been for five years at a celebrated school in that city, and has been the most distinguished scholar in the school. Every week she has carried home medals enough to make a Catholic's rosary, for she has had masters for every hour, and done the best task for each master. But for what has she learned the lessons? To get the medals. To be called,

not to be, the first in the school. Her parents are ignorant persons; they know nothing of her pursuits. They never talk with her about them. They exclaim, with rapturous countenances, "Julia has all the medals again this week!" and tell their friends, with a triumph they cannot conceal, that "Julia is the first scholar at Madame B.'s school!"

Meanwhile, Julia Willet's mind is no more enriched or improved, than the mill is by the grist it turns out. Those are enriched who work the mill. She does not examine, compare, and apply her knowledge. It is like immense quantities of water accumulated in a reservoir, of no use there, but the same water, if properly distributed and applied, would manifest its life-giving principle in the production of fruits and flowers.

Agnes Crawford is one of a very few privileged girls who compose what is called a family-school in the country, conducted by a competent instructress. Agnes is indisposed to the labour of study, and unhappily, being an only child, this indisposition has been cherished by indulgence at home. Never had a child better opportunities of improvement—health, time, books, and the most judicious and kindest of teachers, and, Heaven's gift, good faculties. But, unhappily, she is possessed with the idea that school is one long task to be gone through, and then done with for ever. At every new study proposed, she has a regular crying fit, and declares "she will write

home to mother, and know if she has *got* to learn this." When she gets over the fretting and misery of the beginning of a task, she goes on well and briskly, for here her natural neglected faculties come to her aid; but, alas! the knowledge for which she has no relish, is forgotten as soon as acquired. At the end of the term, she has been seen to throw the last book in her hand through the open window, and half across the garden, exclaiming, "Joy! joy! we have done with books."

Emma Austen is another girl at the same school, a day-scholar. She is the eldest daughter of a widow in reduced circumstances, who lives about two miles from the village. Mrs. Austen is anxious to have Emma qualified to be an instructress, but has no means to pay for expensive teaching. Agnes' teacher, sympathising with the widow's anxieties and troubles, (for, like the poor woman who excited Scott's compassion, she has been all her life "a struggler,") proposed to take Emma into her school on condition she should keep the school-room in order, and perform certain other trifling services. Oh! how faithfully and cheerfully they were performed! for Emma felt that she could not do enough to express her sense of the value of Mrs.———'s instruction. Every morning Emma rose with the dawn in order to lighten her mother's household labours before leaving her for the day; then, with her luncheon-basket in one hand, and her books in the other, she trudged her two

miles to school, her cheek blooming, and her eye sparkling with health and the consciousness of duty well done. She was ready, at the opening of the school, to enter on her studies, her attention fixed, and her faculties awake; and with such a cheering sense of the power and the happiness resulting from the acquisition of knowledge, that what was a heavy task to some of her school-fellows, seemed but a spur to her. Her language was always—"Oh! thank you, Mrs. ——— for letting me begin this study; I have longed to"—and, "If you think I can study French without interfering with my other studies, I shall be so glad; for mother and I both want that I should make the most of my school privileges."

In the evening, at home, Emma communicated to a young brother and sister so many of her acquisitions as were adapted to them. Her long walk over the hills prevented any mischievous effects from this application. Her mind and body were both in a most healthy state, and both growing to their fullest possible stature.

Emma Austen was six months in this school. If, at the end of the school education of these three girls, you had asked Julia Willet to give you some account of the kings of England, she would have told you their names from the Heptarchy down to George the Fourth—their ages, the periods of their accession to the throne, and of their deaths. Agnes Crawford would have told you she had learned all this, but she had

forgotten it; and she would probably add, she "did not see what good it would do any body to know it!"

Emma, though she might possibly have forgotten here and there one of the do-nothing kings, or have dropped a link in the chain, yet could tell you what king did most to crush the liberties of the people, and who most to promote them—who extended farthest the geographical limits of his dominions, and who made the most generous efforts for the happiness of his subjects—in whose reign the arts most flourished, and in whose they were most depressed: and, in short, she would prove that her mind had worked, and was enriched by its labour.

Now it is manifest that Emma Austen's external helps were inferior to Julia Willet's or Agnes Crawford's. Her faculties, if superior to Julia's, certainly were not to Agne's. Was it not, then, the temper she brought to her studies, the *moral force* she put upon them, that gave her her great advantage over her schoolmates?

It is the world *within*—the world which you can modify and regulate, that makes your character and destiny—and not the impassive world *without*.

I wish, my young friends, you would think over this matter—that you would for yourselves observe your acquaintance, note their opportunities and their pursuits, and the dispositions they have carried to those pursuits, and I think you would come to my conclusion—that the self-edu-

cating girl has her improvement, even in school learning, much more in her own hands than she had supposed—that it will be in vain that the light of knowledge is shining from east to west—and every wind from heaven blowing teachers to her service, unless the windows of her mind are thrown open to that light, and her heart given to the teaching of the teachers.

CHAPTER V.

HEALTH A "TALENT."

WHAT is health, my young friends? I reply in the words of another, "Health is that which makes your pillow easy, and your sleep refreshing, that revives your strength with the rising sun, and makes you cheerful at the light of another day; it is that which fills up the hollow and uneven places of your carcass, and makes your body plump and comely; it is that which dresses you up in Nature's richest attire, and adorns your face with her choicest colours; it is that which makes exercise a sport, and the walking abroad the enjoyment of your liberty."

God has so fitly framed our bodies, and adapted them, that health is natural to them. Diseases have been introduced, and are perpetuated by a violation of God's laws. Health is, by common consent, the first of earthly blessings; it should be considered a *duty*. You must study the laws on which it depends, and obey them.

Has it ever occurred to you, my young friends, that you have a three-fold nature, physical, moral, and intellectual, and that on the condition of your physical being depends mainly your moral and intellectual? "*Mens sana in corpore sano,*" a healthy mind in a healthy body, was esteemed by the ancients the greatest blessing. This truth being proclaimed so long ago, is it not strange that we have not better learned before this time to secure, by all pains and care, the healthy body? Perhaps you are a little sceptical. You do not believe that the powers of your mind, the evenness of your temper, and the kindness of your disposition, depend, in any sense, on the state of your body. I appeal then to your own observation and experience.

Have you never asked, "Mother, what makes the baby so cross to-day?" and been answered, "She is not well, dear."

Your father, usually cheerful and the charm of his social home, is silent and irritable, "What is the matter, father?" you ask, and are answered, "I have a headache, my dinner did not agree with me."

You are at school. The lessons that were easy yesterday, puzzle you to-day. You confound the names of towns and rivers in your geography, or get your head into a snarl over a sum in your arithmetic. You pettishly refuse a schoolmate a favour, that at another time you would have granted most kindly; and all this because you have a cold, or have over-eaten, and

do not feel well. You perceive, then, that your mind, and your feelings, your moral and intellectual nature, are affected by the state of your health.

Providence has put into your own hands the means of health. It was too precious a boon to be trusted to any one's keeping but your own, and remember! the gift involves a solemn responsibility. Health will be counted among those talents for the use of which you are to answer to God. It is then surely one of the *must haves*, and one of your first duties is to study the laws that govern it—this is *physical education*.

It is a solemn truth, and one, my young friends, that should be familiar to you, that, *for the most part*, we bring the sicknesses we suffer upon ourselves. If not the effect of our own sin, or imprudence, they are traceable to the neglect or ignorance of the guardians of our youth, or they are entailed on us by our parents. They, perhaps, received them from their parents. They were sent by Providence, and sent as the penalty for the violation of His laws.

Take, for example, a young girl bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery, in her childhood—in a boarding-school through her youth;—never accustomed either to air, or exercise, two things that the *law* of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early. She languishes through the hard offices of giving birth to children, suckling, and watching over

them, and dies early; and her acquaintance lamentingly exclaim, " What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children!" Was it Providence? No! Providence had assigned her threescore years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children, but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side of " What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office, and in the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has, every day, violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary, in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes, and delicate stockings, in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed, in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. " What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly?

A beautiful young bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honour of her marriage.

She has a slight sore-throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement, but she must wear her neck and arms bare, for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is seized with inflammation of the lungs, and dies before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world, "cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future?

Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating, or drinking, or in study, or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this?

We repeat it. Diseases are the consequences of the violation of God's laws. Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut short life, and of the long maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually

decay, and men would die, as a few now do die, as if falling to sleep.

I cannot close this chapter, my dear young friends, without begging you to observe how the evil effects of our own sins are tempered to us by the benevolence of the Deity. Truly, "He pitieth us as a Father pitieth his children!" Much spiritual good may be, and often is, extracted from bodily suffering. In our sicknesses we may acquire fortitude, patience, humility, and thankfulness. In the sicknesses of others, we learn self-sacrifice, compassion, and forbearance.

But who doubts that health is better than sickness? Study then, my young friends, the laws on which it depends, and obey them.

CHAPTER VI.

CARE OF THE SKIN.

You know, my young friends, that wholesome food, temperance and exercise, are important to health. You know, also, that pure air and cleanliness are conducive to health. To realise that they are indispensable to it, you must know something of the functions of the skin.

* The skin is an exhalent, (or carrier-off,) of waste matter from the system. Secondly, a joint regulator of the heat of the body. Thirdly, an agent of absorption. And fourthly, it is the seat of sensation and touch. You know that the skin perspires, and that a checked perspiration

* For the physiological facts and illustrations in this and the following chapters, in relation to health, I am indebted to Dr. Andrew Combe's work, called "The principles of Physiology, applied to the preservation of Health," &c. —An admirable book, which is already introduced into many of our schools, and which we earnestly wish *every* young person in our land would read and study. Dr. Combe is, indeed, a benefactor. He is the means of preserving to many the health and smiles of youth, and even of restoring light to the dim eye, and colour to the faded cheek.

causes colds, consumptions, unnumbered diseases, and death. But, perhaps, you do not know that the body, in its ordinary state, gives out a large quantity of waste materials, by what is called insensible perspiration, and so called, because the exhalation goes off in the form of vapour, invisible to the eye. This insensible perspiration is a process of great importance to health.

The average of waste matter exhaled from a man's body in 24 hours, is, according to the lowest estimate, 22 ounces. This does not include that which forms sweat.

You will perceive, at once, why checked perspiration is injurious to health, when you know that the 22 ounces of useless and hurtful matter accumulate in the body, or is carried off in some way that disturbs its regularity. The weakest part of the system, whichever it is, the lungs, the bowels, or the nerves, is the first to suffer from a check of perspiration.

Burns and scalds, even when they do not cover more than one-eighth of the skin, produce death. This is because so much of the skin is rendered incapable of action, and the matter that should have passed off by it, is thrown upon some internal organ, and causes inflammation.

The skin is a chief regulator of the body. In polar regions, and in the torrid zone, under every variety of circumstances, the human body retains nearly the same temperature, however different that of the air may be, by which the body is surrounded. By this power of adaptation, man can

enjoy life in a temperature sufficiently cold to freeze mercury, and can sustain, for a time, heat sufficient to bake meat. The chief agents in this wonderful adaptation of man to his external situation, are the skin and the lungs; and in both, the power is intimately connected with the condition of their exhalations—that is, with their healthiness.

Absorption is an important function of the skin; it is carried on by means of *absorbent vessels*, which are exceedingly small and numerous. By its instrumentality, substances placed in contact with the skin, are taken up and carried into general circulation. In vaccination, a small quantity of cowpox matter is inserted under the cuticle on the true skin, and there left. In a short time, it is taken into the system by the absorbent vessels. In the same manner mercurial preparations, rubbed on the skin, are absorbed.

A moist state of the atmosphere is favourable to absorption, that is, to taking in through the skin; and this is the reason why moist air and night air is so unwholesome, particularly in an unhealthy situation, where intermittent fever or any other disease prevails.

When the perspiration is brought to the surface of the skin, and confined there by *want of cleanliness*, or any other cause, there is reason to believe, that what should have been removed, is again absorbed, and acts on the system as a poison of greater or less power, producing fevers, inflammation, and even death itself. The skin is

the seat of *sensation*. Every part of the skin is provided with filaments, from the nerves of sensation, in order that we may become immediately sensible of the presence and action of external bodies.

Without the nerves, we should not know when to protect ourselves from the cold, or when to avoid heat. A person whose nerves had lost their sensibility, accidentally put one of his feet into boilingwater, and was not aware of the heat, till, on taking it out, he saw it was covered with a blister!

Any one who reflects on the structure and uses of the skin, will, at once, perceive the immense importance of keeping it in a healthy condition.

It appears from the London bills of mortality, that between a fourth and fifth of all the infants baptized, die within the two first years of their lives. This cannot be a part of the Creator's plan—it is not so with the lower animals. It arises from the poverty, the ignorance, or the neglect, of those who have the care of infancy.

If an infant is exposed to cold air, without flannel or warm covering, the blood circulating on the surface of the body is driven in, and produces bowel complaint, croup, or convulsions.

Parents tender, but still ignorant, run into the opposite extreme. They keep the child in a hot room, and heap coverings upon it. This produces too great perspiration, and in this state, colds are taken.

The *insensible perspiration* being composed of a large quantity of water, and of various salts and animal matter, a portion of which adheres to the skin—*the removal of this by washing, is an indispensable condition of health.*

If this is faithfully attended to, it will prevent the appearance of cutaneous, and other diseases, common in infancy. *Daily washing is necessary*, and a frequent change of clothing; and every thing in the shape of dress ought to be loose and easy, to favour free circulation of the blood, and to allow the perspiration to pass off, instead of being confined to the clothes and absorbed by them; for, if thus held in contact with the skin, it will cause irritation.

The necessary effect of deficient circulation, which is indicated by cold hands and feet, is to throw too much blood inwards. In this case. the evil is increased by insufficient clothing, till disease is produced, and the health lost, and *never to be regained.*

Young persons, who exercise by violently running and playing, are most in danger from sudden changes of temperature. Sedentary persons, those who sit for many successive hours at their studies, sewing, &c., are most in danger from continued chillness of the surface, cold feet, &c.

The evil does not stop at the uncomfortable sensation; a foundation is laying of tubercles at the lungs, which do not show themselves till they are incurable.

You have learned, my young friends, that it is

essential to your health to preserve your skin in a healthy state, and you will now consider patiently the means necessary to this end. The first in importance has been mentioned, but it cannot be too often recurred to. This is *bathing or washing* in pure water. You have already learned, that when the saline and animal elements, left by perspiration, are not removed, they obstruct the pores and irritate the skin; and that the accumulated material often returns to the body as a poison. If you rub yourselves with a flesh-brush, or coarse dry towel, daily, you will be surprised at the quantity of dry skin it brings off.

The warm, tepid, cold, or shower bath, as a means of preserving health, ought to be in as common use as a change of apparel.

We hope the day will come, when a house will not be considered comfortable without a bathing room, and when every town will have bathing establishments gratis for the poorest inhabitant. As yet, unhappily, baths are rare luxuries.

But all have the means of *washing*, pure water, and plenty of it; and with a sponge, and basin of water, a thorough ablution may be performed. A rough, and rather coarse towel, is a useful auxiliary in such ablutions. Few of those who have resolution to keep up the action of the skin, and to avoid exciting causes, will ever suffer from cold, sore throat, or similar complaints. "If one-tenth of the persevering attention and labour,

bestowed to so much purpose in rubbing down and currying the skins of horses, were bestowed by the human race in keeping *themselves* in good condition; and a little attention were paid to diet and clothing, colds, nervous diseases, and stomach complaints, would cease to form so large an item in the catalogue of human miseries."

It may cost trouble to obtain, for each of the family, the privacy necessary for thorough ablutions; but it can be obtained, morning or evening, and it is worth all the trouble it costs.

It takes time, but it also saves time. If twenty minutes in each twenty-four hours are expended in washing and rubbing the skin, and if this really makes you feel stronger and more cheerful during the day, and if it is a means of preserving you from years of ill-health and debility, does it not save your time?

If bathing in perfectly cold water causes chillness, tepid water should be used, especially in the autumn, winter and spring.

It is hurtful to remain too long in a bath, and also to bathe before breakfast, or immediately after eating.

If you will be persuaded to try this thorough ablution for three months, you will never discontinue it. You will feel it to be one of the *must haves*, and you will rather dispense with any embellishment of your dress, than with this office, that makes your person worthy of its clean apparel.

The necessity of keeping the skin clean, was

understood as early as the time of Moses. His laws made bathing a religious observance. The Mahometans hold the waters of the Ganges to be sacred, and bathing in that river is with them an act of worship. Christians should receive water as a sacred gift of God, and, by using it in the promotion of health, obey His law. Use it, then, my dear young friends, "daily and freely," and you will soon find, that to obey, is to enjoy.

Warm and sufficient clothing is essential to preserve the skin in a healthy condition. You must wear flannel next your skin, and all over your person. The advantage of this, particularly in a climate where the changes are frequent and sudden, is obvious.

Flannel has a rough and uneven, though a soft, surface. It keeps up a gentle rubbing against the skin, which assists the action of the vessels and nerves, and preserves them in health. Do not wait till winter has set in. *It is during the changes from heat to cold, in autumn, that flannel is most necessary.*

A captain in the British navy, who had been with his ship for two years, amid the icebergs on the coast of Labrador, was suddenly ordered to the West Indies. He thus passed from one extreme to the other of climate. He ordered flannel waistcoats and drawers for all his men, and lest, in their impatience at the heat, they should throw them off, he had them daily examined, to be sure they were worn. He returned to England without the loss of a single man! Other

ships of war, that anchored about him, lost from twenty to fifty each.

This was probably not owing entirely to the flannel. A captain so attentive to the laws of health, in one particular, would be attentive to exercise, diet, &c. Was the mortality that prevailed in the other ships a dispensation of Providence, or was it caused by a violation of God's laws?

You have learned that exhalations from the skin are constant and extensive. This must suggest to you the necessity of frequently changing and airing your clothes, so as to free them from every impurity. It is an excellent plan to have in wear two sets of flannel—each being worn and aired on alternate days.

Instead of making your bed the moment you are out of it, and while the bed-clothes are filled with exhalations from your body, throw them over the back of a chair, shake up your mattress, (we trust none of our young friends sleep upon feathers,) and open your windows.

If you would convince yourselves of the importance and refreshment of this, shut your room close, go into the fresh air, and then return to it, and you will at once perceive the odour of the bed to be disagreeable.

Where many persons sleep in one room, and cleanliness is not observed, fevers and death follow.

Pure air (which is only to be obtained by perfect ventilation) is essential to the healthi-

ness of the skin, as well as the other parts of the system. You know that the skin takes in disease by absorption, and that diseases are floating in impure air.

You must guard against tight dressing. From the tightness with which female dress is made to fit on the upper part of the body, not only is the insensible perspiration hurtfully confined, but that free play between the dress and the skin, which is so beneficial in gently stimulating the latter, is prevented.

If you take care of the skin, a great duty is done; but this is not *all* that health requires. In the next chapter, we will consider the benefit of *exercise.*

CHAPTER VII.

EXERCISE.

I HAVE only space, my young friends, to state to you some facts, for which I am indebted to Dr. Combe, in relation to the dependence of the body on exercise for health. The little knowledge I communicate will, I trust, awaken your curiosity to study his excellent works on health.

You have heard it said a hundred times, and perhaps without giving much heed to it, that man was constituted for a life of activity. If you will study the structure of the human frame, you will understand this proposition, and understanding, you will believe it, and possibly act in conformity to your belief.

In effecting voluntary motion, we have in operation, first, the brain or organ of the mind, as the source of the will; secondly, the nerves which convey the intimation of the will to the muscles; and thirdly, the muscles by whose contractile power the motion is produced.

The *muscles* are those distinct bundles of fleshy fibres which are found in animals, imme-

diately on removing the skin and subjacent parts. The turning of the eye, the chewing of the food, every motion of the finger, every movement of the body, is performed by the muscles.

The proper growth and health of the muscles depends on their exercise. The active exercise of the muscles is highly conducive to the well-being of many other important functions. By muscular contraction, the blood is gently assisted in its course through the smaller vessels, and more distant parts of the body, and its undue accumulation in the internal organs is prevented. The important processes of digestion, respiration, accretion, absorption and nutrition, are promoted, and the health of the whole body immediately influenced. The mind itself is exhilarated or depressed, by the proper or improper use of muscular exercise. If all this depends upon exercise, it is of no slight importance to regulate it!

An agreeable mental stimulus to the muscles is important, that is to say, the action of a pleasing emotion of the mind upon the nerves which convey the intimation of the will to the muscles.

You will, perhaps, better understand me, if I give you some examples of mental stimulus. A mother takes a walk with her little boy; they move at a regular, slow pace. When a mile from home, he becomes languid, complains of fatigue, frets, and then cries. His mother breaks a branch from a tree, strips off the leaves, calls it a horse, and gives him a twig for a whip. He

goes scampering off upon it, laughing and shouting, as if there were no such thing in the world as fatigue. The mother has applied a *mental stimulus.*

Lucy has a room to sweep. From indulgence in indolent habits, every exertion has become painful to her. She has hardly been out of her chair all day but she exclaims, "Oh, how I detest sweeping—it tires me so." Lucy lacks the mental stimulus.

Sarah comes in from nutting. She has been half the day on her feet, but when she sees her pale mother sweeping the room, "Oh, mother," she exclaims, "pray let me do it;" and she does it without effort or pain. Mental stimulus, or perhaps we should say, *heart* stimulus, made her insensible to the previous fatigue.

There is a story of an eastern king, who was suffering disease, the consequence of indolence and indulgence. His physician gave him a racket, and told him the medicine was concealed in the handle, and that it would pass into his body through the palms of his hands, when he had got into a perspiration with playing. The king exercised with it every day, and was cured.

"So important," says Dr. Combe, "is nervous (or mental) stimulus, that instances have occurred of strong mental emotions having instantaneously given life and vigour to paralytic limbs. This has happened in cases of shipwrecks, fires, and sea fights."

Nature connects pleasure with exercise. See

young animals at their gambols, and listen to the child shouting at his play. Nature bids them do so, and grown people should not interfere with their obedience to Nature; for, in this sense, Nature is but another name for God.

If it be important to its due effect, that exercise should be pleasurable, let me beg of you, my young friends, who have active employments at home, to carry into them a cheerful disposition, and then they will do good to body and mind.

"The natural consequences," says Dr. Combe, "of the confinement of girls in a boarding-school, of their scanty exercise, and their exercise being only of their legs, of their being laced in stays, is debility of body, curvature of the spine, diminished tone of all the animal and vital functions, and general ill health, and yet, while the laws of Nature are set at defiance, we wonder at the prevalence of female deformity and disease!" This deformity may not be apparent to a common eye, but it is real, and certainly impairs the health, and, sooner or later, destroys life.

A distinguished physician who visited a boarding-school containing forty girls, says, "that there was not one of them who had been there two years, that was not, more or less, *crooked*." By crooked, he means, a curvature of the spine, which cannot consist with health.

Intelligent physicians have given accounts of many schools in Great Britain, where there was

no play-ground, where no *romping or noise* was allowed; or, in other words, no *real play* exercise or relaxation. A great proportion of the children became permanently diseased, many with scrofula, an *incurable* malady. The teachers and governors of these schools may have meant well, and sinned from ignorance.

Such fatal mistakes are, I fear, not confined to the boarding-schools of Great Britain. A dressmaker in extensive business in the city of New York once said to me, "Can you tell me the reason why every young lady that comes to me to have a dress made, is deformed?" "Deformed!" "Yes, one shoulder blade projects more than the other. My children are not so, nor the children of other poor people."

This deformity was, undoubtedly, the consequence of a mode of life, which involved the privation of necessary exercise.

The young women in our city boarding-schools have the exercise of dancing lessons. This is better than nothing, but not much, if the lesson is taken in a whalebone prison, and in a heated room, with a hundred other girls. Perhaps, too, in fine weather, they walk in a funereal procession, at a fixed hour, marshalled along the sidewalk by their teachers. This is little like the exercise that Nature prompts, the running, jumping, and shouting. But surely, running, jumping, and shouting, would be shocking improprieties in a city street? What, then, is the

alternative? Either do not send the girl to the boarding-school, or send the boarding-school to the country.

If a boarding-school life is hurtful, what is to be said of shutting children up in a factory, from eight to ten and twelve hours in a day? Surely, in our favoured land, where food and clothes are so easily procured, parents should not thus deprive their children of their natural rights; nor would they, if they understood the structure and wants of the human frame.

In the preceding chapter, the importance of warm clothing was insisted on; but, do not fall into the error of endeavouring to get warmth from clothing alone; for, in this way, the body is weakened, the surface relaxed, and there is a constant sensation of chillness, and a liability to injury from the slightest exposure. *Exercise* is indispensable to health.

It will be particularly agreeable to some of my young friends to know, that Dr. Combe insists that "they ought not to be confined for many successive hours to their studies and books, but that their employments should be varied and interrupted, by proper intervals of cheerful and exhilarating exercise, such as is derived from social, active games."

Active sports, as a means of exercise, are greatly superior to merely measured movements. I have been told, that the benevolent Spurzheim produced a great reform in Boston, by persuading

the mothers to permit their daughters to drive their hoops up and down their beautiful Mall, instead of taking a formal walk there.

Young children, if in health, will exercise at any rate; but girls, from eleven to fourteen, and so on through life, will sometimes insist that they do not feel so well for a walk! Study the structure of your frames, and you will not again commit the folly of maintaining an impossibility.

But to feel the better for your walk, or any other exercise, it must be taken in proper time and quantity. If you are in health, you may exercise with benefit at any time, except immediately after a full meal, or when exhausted by a long fast. A walk or ride, before breakfast, will exhilarate a person in health, but will exhaust an invalid, and spoil the pleasure of the whole day.

The best time for exercise, for those who do not get it from their employments, is in the forenoon, from three to four or five hours, after a moderate meal. It should, if possible, be taken in the open air. It should be of a nature to occupy the mind as well as the body.

When you know that exertion awaits you immediately after eating, you should take a very moderate meal. In travelling in a stage-coach, or on a rail-road, where your regular meals are interrupted, and little repose is allowed, this precaution is invaluable.

Persons lose half the benefit of that grand

renovator, travelling, by mistaking weariness and exhaustion for hunger, and giving the stomach work to do when it requires rest.

Dr. Combe says, "I observed this when travelling as an invalid on rather low diet, and was surprised to find myself less fatigued at the end of seventy-two hours, than I had been when in health and living fully, with half the journey. I have heard the same remark made by others, also, from experience."

"It is the custom in schools, and in many families, to take the children out at the close of day, when there is not light enough to do anything in the house." This is mistaken economy. "In the first place, exercise once a day is insufficient for the young, and the air is then loaded with moisture, colder, and more unhealthy than at any other time, and the absence of the beneficial stimulus of the solar light diminishes the invigorating influence of exercise."

If you select the forenoon for your exercise, and you lose it, you may find another hour before night. It is far better to encounter rain, with India rubbers and an umbrella, (those blessed defences!) than to remain in-doors all day.

Different kinds of exercise suit different persons. Some of you may have a local infirmity that incapacitates you for walking. You can then resort to riding. Horseback exercise is exciting to the spirits. "Active sports," says our friend Dr. Combe, "are infinitely preferable to dull, uninteresting walks." Dr. Combe must

allude to walks in the city. Why should a *walk in the country* ever be dull and uninteresting, because objectless. To say nothing of a berrying party in a delicious summer's afternoon, or a nutting frolic in a fresh autumnal day; you may have some errand to do, some friend to call upon, some sick person to bless with at least a kind look, some visit of love or mercy to pay. And if you have not these, you may wander through a wood, or force your way through the tangled shrubbery that fringes some dismal swamp, to snatch the flowers that are hidden there. Or you may mount a hill to see valley, mountain, and lakes, glow in the parting rays of the sun. Need a walk be dull and uninteresting?

Dancing is a cheerful and useful exercise; but in heated rooms, and at late hours, does more harm than good. Gymnastic and Callisthenic exercises are of great advantage, *if adapted in kind and extent to the constitution of the individual.* Shuttlecock, jumping the rope, and the play called the graces, are healthful exercises. Reading aloud, and recitation, are strengthening muscular exercises. The great Cuvier believed that he saved himself from consumption by this exercise. Active domestic occupations are healthful; these bring into exercise body and mind—and heart, too.

One of my friends suggested to a lady, who complained of wanting an object in walking, various modes of exciting and agreeable exercise, and concluded with saying, (he is a man of sci-

ence,) " when you walk in winter, take a thermometer, find your springs, and try their temperature."

Gardening is a most healthful, delightful, and profitable exercise. If young persons would leave their pillows early in the summer's morning, where they are wasting strength and spirits, and work fairly for an hour or two, what weedy deserts would bloom with fruits and flowers!—what perennial roses would open on pale cheeks!

You, my young friends, who are so happy as to *live* in the country, who walk to school in all weathers, whose duty it is to assist your mothers in their active domestic labours, learn to estimate these great advantages, and to make the most of them. You feel life and health in every limb, your eyes are sparkling, and your cheeks are glowing. To preserve this, and the vigour of mind, and cheerfulness of temper, that result from strength of body, you must keep up your exercise after childhood, or you will become like some other country girls, who have foregone all their natural advantages, and shutting themselves up from week to week, are pale and sickly, and wear plasters, and take pills and *mixtures*, and in every painful mode pay the penalty of breaking Nature's laws.

I have seen beautiful specimens of health in cities, thanks to sound original constitutions, and to judicious and *virtuous* care. But to the pale, delicate, drooping, and *deformed* city-bred girl, we would say, repair as far, and as fast as

you can, the injustice that has been done you by the ignorance of those that had the care of your childhood. Within this fashionable, delicate, (for delicate in this relation, read *weak*,) body of yours, lies some hidden and loathsome disease, that time will develope, unless you take the prescribed means to prevent it. Do not be satisfied with dawdling down Broadway, or Chesnut, or Washington Street, or any other thronged promenade, in a fine day, but go into the open air, resolutely and daily, in all weathers, and you will make your lives what Providence intended they should be—a blessing to yourselves and others.

CHAPTER VIII.

PURE AIR AND VENTILATION.

It would require a volume, my young friends, to treat the subject of health scientifically and thoroughly. All that I can do is, with the aid of Dr. Combe, to awaken your minds, to give you a few hints on points where I suppose you to be most ignorant, and to set you on a way that you can pursue without my aid.

Few persons of mature years act as if they knew that fresh and pure air is essential to health. Churches, court-houses, halls of legislation, and even school-houses, are still constructed in these days of improved science, without any sufficient preparation for ventilation. You must take the matter into your own hands, my young friends—pure air is a *must have.*

That you may be, in some degree, qualified to regulate this matter yourself, be kind enough to read attentively what follows:

Atmospheric air, the air we breathe, consists of 78 parts of nitrogen gas, 21 of oxygen, and 1 of fixed air. When the air is expelled from the lungs it is greatly altered. The quantity of

nitrogen remains the same. Eight per cent. of the oxygen has been consumed, and replaced by an equal quantity of carbonic acid gas. In addition to these changes, the expired air is loaded with moisture. While these changes were produced, the blood which flowed into the lungs from the veins of a dark colour, and unfit for the support of life, assumed a florid hue, and acquired the power of supporting life.

All physiologists agree, that air is fit or unfit for respiration, in exact proportion as its oxygen approaches or differs from that contained in the pure air. This being true, every child may perceive the importance of a due supply of fresh air, wherever there are living beings.

It appears, that in the space of one minute, no less than three hundred cubic inches of air are required for the respiration of one person, so that in the course of an hour, one pair of lungs will vitiate the air by the subtraction of no less than 1440 cubic inches of oxygen, and the addition of an equal number of carbonic acid.

The effect of breathing this vitiated air may be shown by confining a mouse in a glass jar. In proportion as it takes in the oxygen or *vital* air, and gives out the carbonic acid, it shows uneasiness, and pants in breathing, as it strangling for air, and in a few hours, it dies convulsed, exactly as if drowned.

The same results follow to man and to all animated beings when deprived of air. One hundred and forty-six Englishmen were shut up in

the black hole at Calcutta. They were thrust into a confined space 18 feet square. There were only two small windows, and both on the same side, so there was no draft of air. Scarcely was the door shut upon them, when their sufferings commenced, and a mortal struggle ensued to get near the windows. Within four hours, those who survived were in an apoplectic stupor; and at the end of six hours, 96 were relieved by death. In the morning, 23 only were found alive, and many of these died afterwards with putrid fever, caused by breathing the corrupted air.

Perhaps, you may think that these ignorant and cruel murders—for so we may surely call them—could only have been committed in an unenlightened land. Alas! similar deaths, as sure though slower, are often inflicted, and self-inflicted.

In England, scientific England, Crabbe the celebrated poet, when a school-boy, was, with several of his mates, punished for indulging in some forbidden play, by being put into a dog-kennel. Crabbe was the first who entered. The hole was crammed with the culprits, and Crabbe, soon suffering intensely from the pestilential atmosphere, cried out that he was suffocating. Finding his shrieks in vain, he bit the lad next him, who roaring out "Crabbe is dying," the sentinel opened the door, and the boys rushed into the air. One minute more, and it would have been too late!

Twenty-four persons were seized in the streets of London, within the last century, by some drunken constables, and thrust into a round-house, with doors and windows closed. Four died before morning, two soon after, and twelve suffered exceedingly.

In the history of a war, it has been proved, that more lives have been lost by putting too many men together, in low and ill-ventilated apartments, than by leaving them exposed to severe and inclement weather in the open air.

Abundant instances might be given of the beneficent effects of the fresh air. When the plague laid waste the city of Edinburgh in 1645, it affected none of the prisoners in the Tolbooth, from its being particularly well aired. In an hospital in Dublin, where one child in six died in the first nine days, means for thorough ventilation were adopted. Afterwards but one in twenty died.

Unreflecting persons—and most young persons are so—are apt to be regardless of consequences that do not immediately follow their cause. Now, any child, who knows that there is a certain quantity of pure air in a room, and that by every inspiration we consume a certain portion of it, and at every expiration send out what is unfit to be breathed, knows, that at the end of a certain time the room should be supplied with fresh air.

Do not say you never perceived the want of it. Do you never get up in the morning with a head-ache, or a faintness at the stomach, when

you have eaten nothing to disturb your stomach, but have slept in a close room?

Did you never feel at school a "*dreadful headache*," that went off soon after getting into the fresh air? Did you never, when doing your best to attend to your lessons, feel a weariness and sleepiness that you could not shake off till you felt the fresh air? Did you never, on returning to your school-room in the afternoon, perceive the air to be disagreeable? Did you never see delicate ladies led fainting out of a full church, and revive as soon as they breathed the fresh air?

Did you never hear persons complain of headaches and bad feelings the day following their attendance on a meeting or a lecture? Did you never, on going from the fresh air into a close room where two or three persons had slept, perceive the air to be positively bad?

If persons will go on, from day to day, and year to year, exposing themselves to unhealthy influences, they must not wonder when the lungs, impaired by the poison that has been taken into them, show disease, nor when they are added to the multitude going down to the grave prematurely, not cut off by Providence, but by their own ignorance of their frames and the laws that govern them. We have heard of schoolmasters, (blessings on their heads!) who, at the end of each hour, turned the children into the open air, and opened every window in the school-room. We have heard of others, who never opened their windows from fall to spring!

Every child, ten years old, may be made to realize the importance of pure air. If she does, she will open her window, *winter* and summer, in the morning, and throw open her bed. If she sleeps in a room that has no open chimney, and no proper means of ventilation, she will sleep with her door open. She will not, voluntarily, remain in a full school-room for three or four successive hours, where no fresh air is admitted.

When this girl of ten years grows to womanhood, and becomes a mother, and the mistress of a family, she will secure in her own little kingdom *pure air*, that prime necessity of life, which God has provided, in unmeasured quantity, for all his creatures, but which they, by ignorance and neglect, stint in quantity and corrupt in quality.

We cannot apologise to our young friends for appropriating so much of their book to the subject of health, since on that depends their strength, usefulness, cheerfulness, and beauty. But we must apologise for omitting the great subject of diet. We have omitted it, because we believe its relations to health are better understood, than those of the topics which we have selected. We, therefore, merely briefly admonish them to be temperate in eating. Intemperance in drinking, we say it with pride

and gratitude, is almost unknown among American females.

Avoid eating between meals, a too common practice with our young people. Eat *very* sparingly of cake, pastry, sweetmeats, pickles, and confectionary. Avoid bad bread and *cooking* butter as you would declared enemies. Do not touch *greasy* soups and hashes, and meats drenched in oiled butter. Attentively observe what agrees with you, and resolutely reject what does not. If you will do this, it will be better for you than reading all the books extant on dietetics.

NOTE.—In the foregoing chapters on health, I have quoted entire passages from Dr. Combe, without marks of quotation, trusting to my frequent references to him to absolve me from the charge of any intention of appropriating his well-known property.

CHAPTER IX.

HOUSEWIFERY.

I TRUST, my young friends, that whether poor or rich, there is not one among you, who will not class a practical knowledge of domestic economy, among the *must haves* of American females.

Nor, whatever your station is, should you lament this, as some unwisely do. The necessity that drives a lady occasionally into her kitchen, and acquaints her with the humble offices of domestic life, has a wholesome effect. It harmonises with the general tendencies of our political institutions. It helps to draw closer the ties of social existence—to bind the rich and the poor together.

It has been truly said, that in aristocratic governments "the poor is not the fellow of the rich." They live in different spheres. In our country, the lady in the drawing-room must know, for occasionally she must partake the thoughts, feelings, and sufferings of the domestic in the kitchen.

And the self-respecting, intelligent American

domestic sees there are exemptions and advantages in her condition, which her employer's has not. She sees that in an elevated station, there are extended responsibilities, and increased liabilities to suffering, and she learns to be content in her cheerful, though narrow sphere.

The changeableness of our condition is another reason, and one usually urged, for a woman's acquainting herself with domestic affairs. But, surely, it is an offence against your common sense, to urge upon you what is so evidently a *must have.* Women in the highest stations are made unhappy by the want of it. They are dependent on ill-trained domestics, their houses are ill kept, their husbands are displeased, and their children uncomfortable, and, too late, they learn that the knowledge of domestic affairs, which a little girl insensibly acquires in her humble home, is worth all the accomplishments they *half* acquired at boarding-school.

And if this knowledge is indispensable to the woman of fortune, who can purchase aid on the right and the left, what must it be to the woman, who must herself make up the whole sum of the domestic prosperity and comfort of her household?

As housewifery is, then, your vocation, my young friends, I should be glad if I could place it in a light that would increase your respect for it. Consider, then, how many faculties and qualities it brings into play—how it may employ your minds, and improve your hearts.

The science of domestic economy or house-

wifery, requires intelligence, judgment, firmness, and order. It demands energy, diligence, neatness, and frugality. It is graced by generosity, disinterestedness, and cheerfulness.

It has been truly said, "that in a thoroughly enlightened community, no useful office will be considered degrading, nor will any be considered incompatible with the exercise of the higher faculties of the mind."

The philanthropic rule for governments and large societies, is, to "produce the greatest happiness to the greatest number." A woman, in her little realm, makes all happy, from her husband down to the stranger within her gates, and even further, down to the faithful dog and useful cat, who, in due time, receive their portion from her provident kindness.

Examples are better than precepts. I know a woman, who, if it were fitting an American, (which I think it is not,) might boast of high birth, whose refined manners fit her for intercourse with the best of any land, who is gifted, and cultivated, and has the resources of an easy fortune. But these will not always avail her. She lives in the country. Her year's supply of pork would be mangled by a half-bred butcher, did she not (as she does) stand by him and direct him how to cut it up, what bits to lay aside for sausages, what for smoking, what to pack down, &c. &c. If she chance to have incompetent domestics, she, herself, prepares the pickle for the hams, the staple of a country summer-table. If one of her

women is ill, and she cannot obtain a substitute, she does not overburden the other with the work of the disqualified one, but herself kneads the bread, sweeps, and irons. No office, essential to the comfort of her family, is omitted, because she does not know how to do it, or thinks it (as we have heard some of our domestics say, in their own cases,) "degrading" to do it. No useful office, my young friends, can be degrading.

Do not imagine this lady is a mere housewife. You might see her fifty times without ever hearing her allude to her household affairs. If you were to visit her, you might find her entertaining with graceful hospitality the best society in the country, and if you listened to her conversation, you would hardly believe she found time for anything but the reading that enriched it. And yet the most intimate associates of this your countrywoman would find it difficult to name a duty she omits.

I could point you to another woman, one of the most intellectual in our country, and one of its distinguished writers, who, when her husband builds him a house, superintends the joiners and carpenters, and, from a certain amount of money, gets the greatest possible product of elegance and convenience of every sort; who is at the head of several ably-conducted benevolent societies; and who understands the details of housewifery thoroughly, so that her home is truly the abode of comfort, and the fountain of an ever flowing hospitality. With such women for our

boast, my dear girls, we will not envy the fine ladies, and *femmes littéraires,* (*merely* literary women,) of other countries.

I know young women, too, who are the ornaments of our drawing-rooms, who are good musicians, who read German, Italian, and French; and what is better and rarer, are well versed in the literature of their own language, who can, and *do*, if need be, perform well all the domestic services of a household.

Such young girls are, we confess, rare birds. They are the daughters of women who understand their duties as American mothers. These are facts, not fancies. We could multiply them on the right and the left, but we have adduced enough to prove to you, and there is no incompatibility between the practice of domestic economy and higher pursuits.

Nature has apprenticed you to your mothers, but if they, unfortunately, from any cause, are disqualified for the task assigned them, take the matter into your own hands—enter on this branch of your self-education with resolution and cheerfulness, and enjoy with modesty the results, which others surely will with gratitude.

If, my young friends, I have succeeded in raising your estimate of domestic economy, you will be willing to go a little more into detail with

me. You will not wish to be absolved from the duty of learning to perform domestic services; a duty that involves so much happiness.

It is a good old saying, that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well." Harriet does not seem to think so. Some derangement in Mrs. Ames' domestic establishment made it necessary for her daughter Harriet, a girl of sixteen, to sweep a room, or the room must remain unswept. Harriet took the broom, which, for any good she did with it, she might as well have held by one end as the other—the dirt flew every way but out of the room, and after toiling till you must have pitied her, she burst into tears, and threw down the broom, saying, "I always did hate sweeping—it is the hardest work that ever was invented."

"You would not find it so, Harriet," said an observer, "if you knew how to do it."

"I do not wish to know how—and I never mean to learn."

Her friend took the broom quietly, and swept the room perfectly, without effort or bustle.

Harriet was astonished. Her friend was a person who had no occasion to sweep her own rooms. Harriet expressed her surprise. "I learned," said her friend, "when I was young, to sweep well, and what is once well learned, you know, is never forgotten. And I assure you, the ability to sweep with neatness and despatch has many a time stood me in good stead. I seldom

get a new chambermaid, but I have to give her some instruction in sweeping. It is one of the domestic arts that belongs to our vocation."

Harriet's opinions were rectified. Sweeping no longer appeared to her the vulgar, *horrid* business she had deemed it. Like a good and rational girl, she set about learning it. Beginning late, and having some natural awkwardness to overcome, it cost her much trouble, but she persevered and achieved the art, and now she never takes a broom in her hand without a peculiar pleasure, a feeling of self-conquest, and a consciousness of power; and the ornament in her room, which she regards with the most complacency, is a pretty pencil sketch of a lady sweeping with a shaker broom, designed as a trophy by her friend.

The wife of a mechanic, a most laborious woman, in a certain village, was seized with a fever. She had but one child, a girl nineteen years old. Her parents are amiable, but rather weak-minded people. Their ambition has been to make their daughter a *lady*, and, unfortunately, they considered exemption from labour as one of the qualifications, and the patient, loving, hard-working mother drudged from morning till night, while Adeline was at school studying French, learning Latin, and painting on velvet, &c. &c. If the skies but threatened rain, her father fetched her from school in his little wagon. If the night were but crispy cold, her

mother warmed her bed, so that, what with study, sitting, and coddling of all sorts, Adeline grew up a pale, delicate, spiritless creature.

As I said, Adeline's mother fell sick; and, for the rest of my story, I quote from a bustling, kind-hearted maiden, who had just returned from a visit to her, and whose expressions were more forcible than elegant.

In reply to the inquiry, "How did you find Mrs. Brown?" she said, "Why, just comfortable sick, but in such a mess!—Mrs. Cutler," the clergyman's wife, "was mixing a batch of bread."

"Mrs. Cutler! where was Adeline?"

"Adeline! why, she is of no more use than that flounce on your gown. She is like a piece of cracked china, just fit to be set up for show. I do not mean to say but what Adeline is a pretty* girl, but what kind of use in the world is a girl that cannot make a loaf of bread; nor, as to that matter, do anything else that is necessary? She was crying. I felt sorry for her; for, after all, it is not her fault that she is such a poor piece of furniture!"

Adeline's was an uncommon, but not a singular case. The girls of our farmers' and mechanics' wives are generally well educated in domestic affairs; but, occasionally, from imbecility in the mother, but far oftener from mistaken views, there are lamentable exceptions.

* *Pretty*, in our country phrase, means *pleasing*.

Knowledge is power. A woman's practical knowledge of domestic affairs may be a capital which will yield a certain income. For instance, "Do you understand clear-starching?" said a lady to a girl she was engaging as a house-maid. "No, ma'am." "I am sorry for that," replied the employer, "for, if you did, I would gladly give you seven, instead of six dollars a month."

A very good person was extremely anxious to get an advantageous place which was vacant in a certain family. She applied for, but did not obtain it; and because, though she had many important requisites, she was a poor ironer.

It is not, my dear friends, those only who have their living to get, that should know how to iron and clear-starch. Some foreign traveller reports, that "*American ladies* must be prepared occasionally to do their own ironing and clear-starching."

CHAPTER X.

BAD COOKING, ETC.

HAS it ever occurred to you, my young friends, that a part of the imperfection in the health of our people is attributable to improper food, or ill-prepared food?

Providence has given to our land, beyond any other, the means of health. In all the northern and western states we have a *temperate climate.*

Abundance we have everywhere, so that sufficient food may be spread on every table in the land.

We have a *good government and laws,* so that all, being sure of their rights, can enjoy on those great subjects that tranquillity of mind which ministers to health.

We enjoy a *general and sufficient equality,* so that there is not pride and oppression on the one hand, and abjectness and excuse for envy on the other—bad passions that poison the very fountains of health.

We have a prevailing necessity of *occupation*, that essential element of health, and a general tendency to prosperity, so that there is no fear of starvation, nor rational apprehension of poverty, to check the healthful current of the blood. These moral causes have quite as much to do with the health of educated thinking people, as physical causes.

Whence then, while the bright spirit of health is enthroned on our hills, and her fresh breezes sweep through our valleys, come the pallid, sallow cheeks, the languid movements, the dejected aspect, the sickly tone of voice, the frightful and often-recurring diseases among us?

No doubt, an immense amount of ill health proceeds from the intemperate drinking of ardent spirits, and various wines, and from excessive indulgence in luxurious foood But these causes do not come within the sphere of your domestic economy, my young friends; and, for the present, we would confine your attention to those that do.

The feeble mothers brought up on cakes, pies, and sweetmeats, and *living in-doors*, transmit to their children the fatal inheritance of impaired constitutions.

More evils than ever were fabled of Pandora's box, are sent abroad into the land by bad cooks. We cannot blame the careless, ignorant slave of our southern country, nor the scarcely less ignorant menial from foreign lands. How should they understand an art that requires the

constant exercise of judgment and skill? Cooking is women's work. It should be thoroughly understood by the wives and daughters of our farmers, lawyers, mechanics, merchants, ministers, manufacturers, and doctors.

Lay it to heart, my young friends; none of you are too high, and none too low, to regulate the process of domestic cooking.

Let us begin with the staff of life. Most families have within their reach the finest of flour, which is, and is often spoken of in Scripture as, a peculiar blessing of Heaven.

In large towns, good bread can be had from the baker. In the country, in farmers' houses, where the wife and her daughters are operatives, the bread is generally excellent; but in how many families is heavy and sour bread not an unfrequent curse! If the mothers realized that every batch of sour, heavy, or unbaked bread was impairing the health of their families, pimpling the fair skins of their daughters, and irritating the tempers of their children, would they not feel that making good bread was a moral obligation—I had almost said a religious duty?

There is a law among the Arabs, that permits a man to divorce any of the four wives allowed him, who does not make good bread. Take care, my young friends, to instruct yourselves so well in this simple and precious art, that if such a law were adopted among our statutes, you might defy it.

It is so simple, that we have heard many a

housewife, in answer to the question, "What is necessary to secure good bread?" reply, "Nothing but attention." Ah, *attention!* that secret of success in every art, and every science—attention, which has produced the master-pieces of sculpture and painting, and revealed the law of gravity, makes our good bread, and cooks in perfection our mutton chops!!

In great towns, the wealthy can send to market, and procure tender meats, and well-made, healthful butter; but how fares it with those who are not wealthy, who are compelled to buy the poorer meats, and to content themselves with bad butter? How fares it with the people in the wide-spread country, where there are no markets?

If it were generally understood that bad butter was pernicious to health, and felt that to violate the laws of health was a sin, bad butter would not be used, and our women would feel it a disgrace to make bad butter. If you study cooking in relation to health, you will not only avoid the common practice of keeping what is called "cooking butter," (that is, rancid butter,) to work into your vegetables, and put on your steaks, &c., but you will not impair the healthiness of these viands, by mixing with them, save in almost imperceptible quantities, even good butter.

But it is asked, must meat be served dry, without a particle of gravy? Alas! it must be confessed that this, in our country parts, is the

sad alternative. The old adage says, "The Lord sends meat, but the devil sends cooks." This does not hold quite good with us. The beneficent designs of Providence are sadly frustrated by the farmers, venders of meat, and butchers—those whose business it is to select and prepare the animals for food.

Tough meats are put into the women's hands, and here, my young friends, your art must come in, in some degree, to obviate the danger arising from swallowing food, that can neither be masticated nor digested. I have heard a good woman say to her guests, when she saw that chewing the meat she had served for them was an impossible achievement—"I was afraid the beef would not be tender, for it was not cold when I put it on the spit!" If this same beef (none of the best, we confess) had been kept for a few days, it would have become tender and tolerably healthful, instead of generating dyspepsia and ill temper!

It is a common custom to cook the meat as it comes reeking from the butcher's hands. Is it a profound secret from our womenkind that meat becomes tender by keeping? To select the best pieces of meat, requires judgment; to provide for a week beforehand, requires forethought, experience, and calculation. To avoid loss from the capricious fluctuations of weather, requires attention and ingenuity.* So you per-

* I saw last summer, suspended from the branches of a

ceive, my young friends, that every department of housekeeping may be dignified by the exercise of intellect and conscience.

The mischief does not end with the tough dinners. They are accompanied with certain unwholesome condiments and compensations, such as pickles and pies, the paste being solid as a brick-bat, and made of *cooking*-butter, sometimes of *old* lard. They should be served on those placards which set forth the virtues of "Anti-dyspeptic Pills;" "The Constitution!" "Brandreth's Pills," and the "Extract of Waa-hoo!"

The dinner either leaves an aching void or uncomfortable sensations, for which the consolations of the tea-table are sought. My heart smites me, as if I were guilty of ingratitude, in writing one word against this evening meal. Visions of tea-tables, spread with a snow-white cloth, where sits the bountiful mistress dispensing her fresh biscuits and hot griddle-cakes; her piles of cookies and gingerbread, her loaves of rich cake, her smoked beef, and old cheese and new cheese, and various preserves, fill me with recollections of hospitalities, "pleasing yet mournful to the soul!"

"If it were not for to-morrow morning!" exclaimed Byron, while speaking of some luxurious indulgence. "To-morrow morning," with

tree, bits of beef enveloped in old gauze veils. This was the contrivance of an ingenious housewise, who had no ice-house.

its head-aches, and various discontents, will come after these delicious teas, and then we reflect that the cheerful, social spirit, which made their delight, might have equally presided over a table, to which none but healthful viands were admitted. Fortunate will you be, my young friends, if you are not afterwards haunted by the ghosts of these cakes and sweetmeats, sallow cheeks, sour breaths, and decaying teeth.*

To you we look for a reform. Give but half the time that has been devoted to concocting pastry, cakes, and sweetmeats, to the unappreciable arts of making good bread and butter, and securing tender and well-cooked meats, and you will be rewarded by prolonged bloom on the cheek, sound teeth, sparkling eyes, and elastic steps, beyond the period of childhood. And who can calculate or enumerate the intellectual and moral benefits that accompany these outward physical signs?

* Locke, in his work on Education, in concluding some remarks on the unwholesomeness of sweetmeats, says, "It is one of the most inconvenient ways of expense that vanity has yet found out, and *so I leave them to the ladies.*" The world has made some progress since Mr. Locke's time. The ladies are no longer to be treated as children, and turned off with the rejected follies of the men.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTRASTS.

NEATNESS and order are the very elements of domestic comfort. Without them, the most richly furnished house is disgusting, and with them the humblest tenement—an old, small, and half-furnished dwelling—is attractive.

Will you, my young friends, go with me to two houses, a short distance from a certain lovely village? They are separated by a small orchard. They are both placed low down on the declivity of a gently sloping hill, with gardens behind them, a little enclosure in front, and a by-road, nearly grass grown, intervening between them and a bit of meadow that borders the river, which slowly wanders away through the richest and loveliest grounds in our country.

This gate is swinging open; so we will first go in here. Hold up your dresses, we must go round through the grass, for "the boys" (as Mrs. Doolittle calls her scape-graces) have left the wheelbarrow in the path.

"Good morning, Mrs. Doolittle. You are an

enviable woman, with this river and these beautiful meadows always before your eyes."

"Oh, ma'am, I never look out of doors. Walk in, ladies. I'm afraid you can't find a place fit to sit down. I'm somehow behindhand this morning. I have got dreadful uneasy feelings in my head, and side, and back, and all over. I never enjoy but poor health, you know, ma'am." Meanwhile she has tossed on a cap over her tangled, linty hair, and is "sweeping up," and I have declined a seat, and taking my stand in the doorway, where, besides indulging my prejudice in favour of pure air, I can survey both rooms. "Jefferson," continues Mrs. Doolittle, "has not been well, and Cicero is complaining, and Anny Matildy caught her foot in a rip of her frock, and fell down stairs last night. I and my children are dreadful apt to meet with accidents, besides being sickly. Now there's Mrs. James, my next neighbour, never meets with any trouble, and her children are always healthy, but some people are born, as it were, with silver spoons in their mouths. I should not be so at sixes and sevens, if I was as well off as some folks."

Even this slovenly, shiftless, and most thoroughly *uneducated* woman, is ashamed of her disorderliness. I never saw an American woman so low as not to be mortified by an exposure of her slovenly housekeeping. While Mrs. Doolittle is making her lamentations, let us see what she calls being at "sixes and sevens."

There are two apartments and a loft. One is

a bedroom, the other is used for all domestic purposes. It is obvious, that with a husband and four children, Dame Doolittle could only maintain neatness by industry, and the most exact habits. She, poor woman, has neither.

The walls are stained and daubed by the children's dirty hands, and the plaster is picked out in sundry places, and crumbling away. The summer's sunbeams, shining there, so gladly on that little meadow, are beating through the dirty panes of the bedroom window, and quickening into life and activity myriads of flies. The bed, covered by a filthy quilt, is *spread up*, but not so as to conceal the dirty sheet (there is but one!) and the pillow-cases. The bed-tick is ripped, and the feathers are scattered over the room. The trundle-bed is half out. Its straw bed is ripped too, and the boys seem to have been amusing themselves with drawing out the straw, and have left their bedclothes in such a tangle, that it would seem that wild horses, instead of young mortals, had been there.

Half way between the bed and window stands a bureau, hacked by the boys' penknives. The drawers are half open, a string hanging out of one, and the end of something out of another, and clean and dirty clothes *stirred* in together.

On the bureau is a book, that, from its size, I infer, is a Bible. The covers and title-page are gone. Beside it are two japanned lamps stained with oil, and the wick of one pendent over the bureau.

It is the month of flowers; and Nature, too strong even for Mrs. Doolittle, has induced her to pick a bunch of peonies, which she has placed in a broken black earthen teapot on the bureau. Miss "Anny Matildy," in spite of her recent lameness, has clambered into a chair beside the bureau, and is pouring the water out of the spout of the teapot, and drawing figures with her finger; geometrical, for aught I know, for they look to me very strange and incomprehensible. Her *education* is going on!

If, my young friends, you are not too much disgusted to proceed, let us take a survey of the outer room. In one corner there is an unmade bed—an unmade bed in a room where cooking and eating are to be done! There are two tables; one is minus a leg, but supported by a stick. The other is reserved for eating; but what lessons must the children be learning, who take their meals from that stained, uncleanable table?

Between the tables is a projecting cupboard with doors, or rather with one hanging by a single hinge. The other door has long since disappeared. Mrs. Doolittle *guesses* "the boys hooked it to put on their sleds last winter." Tin and earthenware, knives and spoons, are huddled on the shelves without order; clean and dirty plates, side by side. Here a broken mug with milk, and there a tea-cup with molasses, both with flies buzzing around, or floating (poor navigators!) on their surfaces. The sugar bowl is

uncovered, and the impress of the children's fingers is on the sugar. On the lower shelf there is a broken earthen pan, with a motley mass of cold food, consisting of pork, fresh meat, beans, potatoes, and cabbage. Beside this frightful compound is a plate with a daub of butter, in which three or four luckless flies have been caught, and beside that, another with broken bread and bits of cheese. There are no pans of milk (as you sometimes see) catching the floating dirt. You would hardly expect such productive property as a cow attached to the Doolittle establishment; but, rather, that the children should be sent twice a day to beg "a little skim-milk" of long-suffering neighbours.

Dare you explore the upper shelves of the cupboard? There you will find a variety of roots and herbs, dried for *sickness*. You must guess their names, for they are all stuffed in together, with strings of dried apples, bits of dried pumpkin, broken saucers of mixed seeds, old phials of medicine, rolls of salve, a box of pills, *mixed* too, a hunk of tobacco, a roll of patchwork, broken plates that never can be mended, and unsoldered tin that never will be!

Cast your eye over the mantelpiece, covered with blackened, dogs-eared books, a torn almanac, a pipe, a snuff-box, a bit of bread and butter, a dirty fine-toothed comb, and a half-eaten apple!

I spare you an inventory of hoopless tubs, bot-

tomless chairs, leaky pails, &c., &c., for I have detained you long enough, my young friends, upon this revolting picture, and I will only ask you to stay for its moral. You see all this destruction, discomfort, and unthrift, is imputable to Mrs. Doolittle. There is no extremity of poverty in her case. She is suffering the consequences of her bringing up under a mother, the prototype of herself; and Miss "Anny Matildy" bids fair to repeat the same scene to the next generation. No wonder Dame Doolittle is pursued by ill luck; no wonder that her children are "dreadful sickly," bred amidst filth and impure air, and fed on such messes as we have seen in her cupboard.

But now for a contrast. Go with me to Mrs. James's, the Doolittle's "*lucky*" neighbour. Take care and shut the gate behind you, girls, lest some damage should be done to Mrs. James's pretty yard. "Ah, Lucy, how are you? Is this your work, planting these rose-bushes and snowberries? and oh, what a beautiful honeysuckle!"

"I take care of them," replied a bright little girl who was sitting, shelling early peas, under the shadow of a maple, which, growing outside the yard, threw a deep shadow over one angle of it; "my father planted them for me. You know the damask rose, ma'am? that is mother's. She had it planted there forever ago, when I was a baby, and she sets almost as much by it as by Ellen and me." Ellen is her little sister,

and is reciting her Sunday's lesson to Lucy. Their *education* is going on too! "Good morning, Mrs. James." "Good morning, ma'am; you're looking for the scraper, ladies? there it is, and here is the mat."

"Thank you. You have every thing convenient, Mrs. James."

"Oh, don't say a word, ma'am, there's not much inside; but I tell our people, there's nobody got a richer feast for the eyes out of doors than we have, and when I open my door of a pleasant morning, and see the sun coming up over the east mountain, and shining on Old Monument, and look all round on the hills and meadows, it's as reviving, ma'am, as scripture wine and oil."

"And I see you like to have pretty objects near you. Your little yard is as full of flowers as any garden bed."

"Oh, that's Lucy's notion, ma'am, and her work too, and I don't believe Squire Hall's daughter takes more comfort with all their fine furniture than Lucy does with her flowers; and just look, ma'am, what a bed of strawberries she has in the garden—she does the whole to them. She carries a saucerful every morning to old Miss Smith, and a bunch of flowers. The old lady is partial to flowers. It is good for poor children to have something to give away—it makes them kind of thoughtful, and fruit and flowers are remarkable handy things for presents."

Ah, my young friends, Mrs. James is teaching

you good lessons; that the richest pleasures, the best luxuries of life, are within the reach of our poor—nature's storehouse of beauty, flowers and fruit, and the power of doing good.

"You are blessed in your children, Mrs. James."

"Yes, ma'am, I am, but I can't have every thing *just right*. It goes against me to see the girl's bed unmade." The bed in the adjoining room was uncovered. "Lucy has been reading a book about airing bedclothes, so hers are, every morning, paraded over those chairs out the back door. I was brought up to making my bed the moment I got out of it, and it's hard learning an old dog new tricks; but I own Lucy's bed, when she gets into it, smells as sweet as fresh-washed linen. So I give up my feelings, for when children are willing to take pains for such a blessing as health, they ought to be humoured."

I could not help remarking, that where every thing else was neat and orderly, an unmade bed (when you knew why it was unmade) was not an unsightly object. Under Lucy's bed is a trundle-bed, (for there are two children, younger than herself, to be nested,) the bedclothes are neatly tucked in, and no lint or feathers anywhere observable.

There is a small looking-glass over the bureau. The drawers of the bureau are close shut, and now, as Mrs. James opens one of them, you can see how a little space is made the most of, by

order and nice packing. On the bureau is a large neatly covered Bible which has been handled as if it were held, as indeed it is, most sacred. Opposite to it is a covered basket, containing clean combs and hair brushes. Over the bureau are two shelves, and if you draw aside the curtain before them, you will find food for the noblest appetite of man—books, evidently much used, but neatly kept. Below these, on the bureau, is an ornament, a little old-fashioned blue china flower jar, (such as stood on the shelves of our grandmothers,) with roses and buds, from the damask bush under the window. What a sweet odour they diffuse through this well-kept room, where they are surrounded with the pure air Heaven designed their fragrant breath should mingle with! They would be worse than wasted at Dame Doolittle's!

I have often heard Mrs. James dwell fondly upon the history of that little china jar. It was given to her mother by the wife of the captain of an Indiaman. Her mother was a child at the time in the captain's family, and, while he was absent on a voyage, she had adroitly extinguished a fire that one of his boys had carelessly communicated to the bedclothes. The china jar was her reward. How carefully it had been preserved! how many hairbreadth 'scapes it had had! how many blessed memories and fond associations hung around it! Those who rate possessions by their money-value, make false estimates. No vase of Sevres china ever gave half

the pleasure to the purchaser that this little flower jar does to my friend Mrs. James. The poetry of life has its illustrations under the humblest roof.

The daintiest lady in the land might like to take a nap on Lucy's bed, when she gets the freshened sheets spread upon it, and fall asleep to dream of the china jar. She would be sure of not being tormented by "red rovers," those little pirates that are the disgrace and scourge of slovenly housewives. Neither would she be disturbed by a glaring light, for though there is neither blind nor shutter to the window, there is a paper curtain made almost impervious to the light by a lining of old factory gingham. How much comfort may be produced by a cheap contrivance!

Now we will leave this little bedroom, which is whitewashed twice a year, scoured every week, and swept and dusted every day, and examine the principal apartment which has to serve for kitchen, parlour, and bedroom.

Mrs. James has often told me, that the height of her ambition was to be able to build an additional bedroom, and now, I see, the frame for it is going up. She has waited a long while, for the Jameses are too prudent to build till the money is earned to pay the expense. James, a most industrious man, is often laid by with a rheumatism he inherited from his mother. He has had his little homestead to pay for, and Mrs. James said it was all she could do, by taking in

washing and sewing, to clothe her family, and buy her children's school-books.

But now the desideratum is to be obtained, and I shall miss from its accustomed place that well-made bed, with its glossy, curious patchwork quilt, and its coarse white linen so well ironed, that it seems as if it could not be tumbled. Mrs. James has never been able to persuade herself to substitute the cheap cotton fabrics of the present day for the ancient house-made linen, and, luckily, having an heir-loom of some twenty pairs of sheets, she has been able to indulge her prejudices.

We must open Mrs. James's cupboard, if we would examine it, for her boys, though as fond of play as the Doolittles, would as soon have burned up the house as taken off one of "mother's cupboard doors." Within this cupboard there is no china, and no silver, save half a dozen teaspoons and two table-spoons, but earthenware without crack or blemish, and tin as bright as hands can make it. The covers are on the molasses-pot and sugar-bowl, the stopper in the vinegar-cruet, the cheese and every article of provisions covered. Every article has its assigned place, where, Mrs. James says, she can lay her hand on it as well in the dark as in the light. No time is given, in this orderly habitation, to that time-devouring occupation of *looking up things*.

If you explore Mrs James's upper shelf, you will find a wooden box, marked "seeds"—another labelled "medicines," which, however, is only

supplied with "burn-salve," "corn-plaster," and one or two common nostrums; for it is a favourite saying of Mrs. James, that "the Doctor brings medicines, and medicines bring the Doctor!"

She has rather a fondness, though, for some favourite prescriptions of her mother, which the old woman was wont to insist, with a blessing, always cured, and you will be sure to find in your investigations papers of sage, elder flowers, and bone-set, neatly folded and labelled.

Next to the cupboard is a pine-table, on which the meals are spread. Mrs. James cannot afford tablecloths every day, but who would miss them from that well-scoured, spotless table?

On a little shelf above this table, is "mother's work-basket," containing every essential variety of sewing materials, the thread, and scissors, and needles, ever ready to take up the "stitch in time that saves nine," and the knitting work to fill up the chasms made by the call of a neighbour, or any other casual interruption.

There is a painted table on which the dishes are washed, for Mrs. James does not possess the convenience of a sink and drain. The table, however, bears no marks of the ignoble uses to which it is devoted. The moment the work is done, it is cleared and washed.

Two lamps, and two bright brass candlesticks, (witnesses that little Lucy is an apt scholar in her mother's school, for they are her care,) are standing on the mantelpiece. "Father's best coat," and the Sunday clothes of the family,

are stowed in a large chest, which serves to eke out the small supply of chairs, there being only six of these, including "mother's rocking chair."

The most valuable appendage to the house is a shed, enclosed by rough boards, at the west end. Here is kept the milk of the cow, who may be called the foster-mother of the family. Into what bright cheeks and light hearts are her supplies worked up! In this rude pantry the milk is kept cool and safe from dust, and room is afforded for all the coarser articles of kitchen furniture, which Mrs. James would deem unsightly in her parlour-kitchen.

In Mrs. James's humble dwelling there is nothing superfluous, save (it may be) the china jar; and, we believe, nothing which (or its equivalent) may not be found in the poorest habitation of *native* Americans in our northern states, to which our observation has been limited.

Now I ask you, my young friends, if such an abode is not *made, by its mistress,* respectable and happy? Should you enter such a dwelling without a sentiment of veneration for the woman who, with these small means, produces so much good? If a person with *right feelings* were to sit down to the well-prepared food served on Mrs. James's board, he would experience a higher pleasure than in partaking of all the luxuries heaped on the table of the great Aston-house at New York.

And why? Because the pleasure of eating

and drinking is a mere animal pleasure—we enjoy it in common with the whole animal creation. But the meal of this humble, happy home is dignified by the evidences of the virtues of diligence, temperance, neatness, economy, and contentment.

Mrs. James has two sons: the eldest, William, is twelve years old; John is nine. William already earns his living by working with a farmer in summer; both are kept at the disrtict-school all winter.

They will, probably, at no very distant day, emigrate to the West. They may become magistrates, possibly members of Congress; but, whatever their station may be, they will look back with grateful pride to their early home. The memory of their mother will be held sacred by them, and they will every day bless her for the virtues she cultivated, and the good habits she formed.

And my friend Lucy, in one of those rich western homes that are awaiting the children of the East, may repeat on a larger scale, and with wider beneficence, the economical virtues of her mother. She may even transport the *china jar* to the prairies of Illinois; and, like an enchanter's wand, it may recal the scenes of her dutiful childhood!

My young friends, thank God for your happy homes—and remember! it is "*woman's work*" to make them happy.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME SCHOOL.

FARMERS and mechanics constitute the great mass of the American people. In the most highly civilised countries of Europe, there is a class more learned, more highly educated, and more accomplished, than any in America; but nowhere, in this world, is there a working class which can sustain a comparison with ours for intelligence, virtue, prosperity, and, in short, for all the means of happiness.

It is to the favoured homes of this distinguished class that I now call your attention, my young friends, and ask you to observe how well, and yet insensibly, a girl may be educating in the art of domestic economy without suspending her school education.

We have looked in upon our humblest homes; now let us survey our most favoured. Mrs. Bond, a prosperous farmer's wife, is a little on the bright side of forty. She is intelligent, and is thoroughly educated for her condition. She has eight children. Her eldest boy is at college.

Her eldest girl, Mary, is fourteen. What domestic business is she capable of learning?—What is she taught?

Mary Bond repairs and arranges her own clothes. She keeps her person thoroughly clean, and is, at all times, dressed neatly and suitably. Whatever else she has to do, her own room is kept in order. Her mother has taught her, betimes, that delicacy and self-respect require this—that if the room be ever so small, and the furniture ever so scanty, plain, and old, order and neatness will make it comfortable, and give it a pleasing aspect.

Is there anything more disgusting than the apartment of a slattern, where there seems no place for anything, and nothing in its place? I will not describe it, but if any of my readers have seen such a spectacle, I only ask them to recal the sensations it excited.

When Mary was eleven years old, her mother said to her, "I am going to make a change in your work. Instead of assisting Anny in the dairy, you are to set the tables. This involves great responsibility, my child, and requires that quality which you know I am constantly insisting upon—*attention*."

"Then, of all things, mother, do not give it to me to do, for you know I am naturally inattentive."

"For that very reason, my dear child, I give you a kind of work where you will constantly realise the inconvenience of your fault, and con-

sequently will be incited to reform. Depend upon it, it is not the gifted people who finally are the superior characters, but those who have a firm and ever-wakeful principle of improvement, who are on the alert to take advantage of every opportunity to make themselves wiser and better. You have this principle, Mary, and besides, you are affectionate, and cannot be willing that your father and I shall have the discomfort of a disorderly table."

"No, indeed, mother—not if I can help it—so please give me my directions, and I'll do my best. I shall try your patience, mother, but that always holds out."

"I will describe to you, Mary, how things went on at poor aunt Livy's, where I lived a year when I was a girl. When the tea hour approached, there was a regular dispute between Evelina and Margarette-Anne, whose turn it was to set the table. That being settled, one would begin—say Evelina. She would drag out the table, and put up the leaves with a slam, and then select from two or three tumbled table-cloths the one she '*guessed* mother meant.' Then the waiter was dashed on—not with the tea-furniture neatly arranged on it; for every article of that a separate journey was made to the pantry. The cups and saucers were brought in such a pile, there was an even chance they would tumble over before they reached the table. Then came jingling on the spoons, then a sugar-bowl, followed by a cream-pot, and so

on, and so on; each time the door was left open, particularly if it happened to be anywhere between November and March. The first ten minutes at table you would hear outcries on every side, such as, 'Evelina, where is the slop-bowl?—run and hunt it up, child—stop, take the sugar-bowl with you, there is no sugar in it,'—'You have forgotten the butter, Evelina,'—'Mother, mayn't Evelina get a knife for my place,'—'And a fork for mine?' 'I wonder if there was ever any house but ours where there was *never* a knife for the butter!'—'Evelina, do see if you can find the water-pot,'—'Oh, dear—there goes the molasses dripping on the cloth—I wish Evelina would remember the saucer under the molasses-cup.' Such scenes were repeated every day, and as you may believe, Mary, there was very little social enjoyment at the meals. Be as quiet and as quick as you can—quietness graces all household offices, and that which must be done three times a day should be done with despatch; and very stupid or shamefully inattentive must that person be, who cannot do well what is so often repeated. You know what is wanted at our meals. Take care and put every article in its right place, and there you will find it. One great advantage of order is, that it enables you to go about your work calmly, and with full possession of your mind, which you will need as much as your hands."

Thus instructed, and warned by Evelina's example, Mary began. Her cups were glossy, her

glasses clear, and her spoons bright, for they were all washed and wiped by her own neat hand. Her cloth was spread straight, and, after the meal, refolded in the creases and replaced. She committed some blunders at first. She cut such a quantity of bread, that half of it was uneaten, and once or twice her father called her attention to an empty pepper-castor, or an unreplenished saltcellar. After a little while, Mary applied to the table the convenient division of the *must-haves* and the *may-wants*, and on a side-table were placed a loaf of bread, an extra pitcher of milk, &c. &c., to replenish the table, if necessary, without the annoyance of opening and shutting doors.

How much does this foresight and order contribute to the cheerfulness and good manners of the family table; perhaps, we may add, without exaggeration, to the health, as a writer on dietetics asserts that a quiet and cheerful mind at meals is essential to good digestion. However this may be, we are sure that without order and attention in the female department, the meal-time cannot be what it should be to the master of the family—his pleasant hour of rest and recreation. Observe, my young friends, there is not only a saving of expense and labour in Mary's mode of doing her work, but of what is infinitely more precious, time.

Mary Bond aids her mother in the care of the younger children. She washes them thoroughly, dresses them neatly, and keeps their hair as

glossy and smooth as her own. She knows how to perform the odd services that are to be done in every family, and that girls of fourteen, and even much less, have the capacity to perform. She can clean silver and brass in the best manner, and rub furniture so that you can see your face in it.

Mary, at fourteen, can sweep and dust thoroughly, iron neatly, and clear-starch well enough for any lady in the land. She knows, as yet, very little of the culinary art, nothing, perhaps, besides making *good* tea and coffee, (which, by the way, half the grown-up people in the country cannot or do not,) a pudding, biscuits, cake, or some *may-want* of that sort.

Mrs. Bond now advances her daughter's domestic studies. The first family *must-have* is good bread. "I shall give the bread-making into your hands for a year to come, Mary," said her mother. "Few girls of your age have strength to knead a large batch of bread, but you have. It is a healthy exercise, so do not spare your strength. You must be watchful, see that the emptyings are fresh and lively, watch the rising, for that depends something on the weather, and *see* to the baking—the best dough may be spoiled in the baking. Give your attention to it, my child—you know what I always tell you—*attention* is everything."

Mary began with a resolution never to fail; but, inexperienced as she was, for the first two or three months she did occasionally fail. She

never was allowed that prevailing and pestilent excuse, "I have had *bad luck*." Sense and morals are involved in making good bread, "luck" not at all.

When Mary's father said to her quietly, "Your bread has given me a head-ache, my child," Mary felt almost as much compunction as if she had committed a sin. And when her father said, "Your bread is as good as your mother's, Mary," Mary was happy.

At the end of a year Mary was qualified, as to bread-making, to preside over a family.

"Where did you get your potatoes, Bond?" asked one of Mr. Bond's neighbours, who, chancing to dine with him, fixed his eyes on a dish of beautiful mealy potatoes. "You gave me the seed-potatoes when we were planting last spring." "Is it possible?" replied his friend; "this is of a piece with all Mrs. Bond's *luck* in cooking!" This time it was Mary's *luck*. Mrs. Bond never permitted that most important of all the vegetables to be spoiled by bad cooking. Her potatoes were never under-done, nor water-soaked.

At the end of Mary's year's noviciate—that is, when she was fifteen—she could roast, broil, or boil a bit of meat properly. She could make a wholesome soup—that rare compound; could prepare gravies that even a dyspeptic could look at without shuddering; could melt butter without lumping it, or turning it to oil. We are afraid of taxing the credulity of our readers, but

we are too proud of Mary to permit her to be shorn of her beams. We must then state, that she could *make* good butter—yes, go through the whole process, from straining the milk to putting on the stamp.

Mrs. Bond presented cooking to Mary's mind, not as an art to pamper the appetite, but to minister to health. "A wise and religious person," she said to her child, "will soon learn to relish that best which is known to be most conducive to health—simple and well-prepared food. We need not deny ourselves the good things that Heaven has provided for us, at least those need not, who have not ruined their stomachs with indulgence or bad food, stuffing with rich cake and sweetmeats, meats drenched in oiled butter, hot biscuits made with *old* lard, and vegetables infected with *cooking butter*. God cannot have given us the delicate sense of taste, without designing that we should enjoy it, but let the enjoyment be subservient to health. Remember, my dear child, that without health the mind and the heart cannot do the work God has given them to do."

We shall have further acquaintance with Mary Bond, but we would now ask our young friends, if there is anything vulgar or "*degrading*" in domestic services, as she performed them? Do they not receive dignity when the energies of the mind are devoted to them? when they are made heart-services, by ministering to the happiness and prosperity of those we love?

A farmer's boy accustomed, at home, to a neat table and well-conducted meal, will not in any way discredit himself, nor be abashed or flurried, if he chance in after life (as he well may) to be the guest of the President of the United States; and, without even knowing the rules of foreign etiquette, he will preside at his own table with self-respect and propriety.

And a girl, qualified by such a domestic education as Mary Bond's, will certainly carry to her own home, in whatever condition of life it be cast, the sources of true dignity, prosperity, and happiness, a *moral force* that is to the moral world what the steam-engine is to the physical.

CHAPTER XIII.

SINE QUA NON.

We have now, my young friends, to consider the domestic education of such of you as are the daughters of our rich merchants, successful professional men, or men of inherited fortune. If you are so fortunate as to live in the country, you will probably learn domestic economy from the necessity of your condition. Your opportunities of instruction may not be quite equal to Mary Bond's, but from the imperfections of our domestic service, from the incompetence of domestics, and the occasional impossibility of obtaining them, either the family-wheels must sometimes stand still, or you must put your shoulder to them.

This necesssity, coming only occasionally, may seem a great hardship to you. You will have none of the facilities that Mary Bond has acquired from habit; and a half day's ironing, sweeping, and arranging the bed-rooms, laying the tables, and, above all, kneading a batch of bread, will seem a Herculean labour to you.

But if I have succeeded in placing your domestic education in the right light, and in infusing the right spirit; or rather, if your mothers have done this work before me, you will perform these occasional duties, not only with cheerfulness and resolution, but in the spirit of zealous scholars, who are doing these tasks well now, to qualify themselves for the future.

Depend upon it, that if you are totally ignorant of domestic affairs, you are nearly as unfit to be an American wife and mother, as if you were lame in both feet and hands.

But what shall we say to those unfortunate young persons, who, bred up in luxurious establishments in town, are cut off from all accidental and irresistible opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of domestic affairs? They are as ignorant of domestic processes as is the lily, that neither spins, nor weaves, of the modes by which it is more gorgeously arrayed than Solomon in all his glory.

This ignorance is all but an inevitable misfortune. There is an intrinsic difficulty in the case. All the arrangements of a town establishment, and all the arrangements of town life, presuppose that the *ladies* of the house are to do nothing.

Such ladies may be so fortunate as to secure competent, well-instructed, and faithful domestics, but such are rare birds in our land; and those to whose share they do not fall, must make up their account to having sometimes

confusion and disorder in their establishments, to neglected children, and displeased husbands; to finding they have been imposed upon, or, what is far more painful, that they have been unjust to their domestics. How is this to be avoided? Only by an all-conquering sense of duty on the part of the parent, or by the combined sense and virtue of a *self-training* daughter.

To show the disastrous and mortifying consequences of omitting this *must-have* of an American girl's education, we publish extracts from the letter of an accomplished friend, who, after keeping house for twelve years at New York, removed, soon after a commercial crisis, to one of the Western States.

After describing the richness and exquisite beauty of the country about her, and the change in her husband from extreme dejection to cheerfulness, in consequence of the happy change in his pecuniary prospects, she says, "But what does all this avail me? I am a miserable, mortified woman. Don't be alarmed by my language. I have not yet broken any of the laws of the land, nor lost my husband's affections, though I am sure I deserve to lose them; but read on and pity me. You know, I determined to be virtuously economical, so I brought but two servants with me. This was rather a reduction from my usual establishment of six; but our fortune was reduced, and I wished to conform to my husband's circumstances. Anne was to be my woman of all work; she was country-

bred, and highly recommended; and the other, Rose O'Brien, was to be my children's nurse.

"We sent on Anne some weeks before us to unpack the furniture, and get the house in order, and, when we arrived, in nice order it was; and Anne had found time to do up a courtship, and the very day we arrived, she set off to be married to a young farmer at the head of the river, telling me, very coolly, that she should think 'I might have expected as much —that all girls that came to the West, calculated to be married!'

"I submitted—I could do nothing else. Rose had been brought up to nursery-work, and was almost as ignorant as myself of all other household work, and besides her hands were full with my baby, who was cutting her eye-teeth.

"The first morning after our arrival, I determined to be energetic, and do my best to make my family comfortable till I could supply Anne's place; so I hurried on my dressing-gown, and went down to the kitchen to make the coffee. But how was it to be made? I ran up to ask Rose. She had 'always seen it made in a grecque;' so had I, but we had none. I thought if I let it soak long enough in boiling water, it would be as good as if poured through a grecque. Accordingly I soaked it till I had everything else ready. Anne had left some nice little trout all prepared to fry. I put them in a utensil that I knew was called a frying-pan, and there they dried away to a coal. In attempting to cut the

bread, I cut my thumb—it has been ever since nearly useless to me!

"'What stuff is that?' asked my husband, when I poured out the coffee. I burst into tears, and confessed my ignorance. 'You should have boiled it, my dear,' he said. The next morning I did boil it, but it was so thick, it could not be drunk. *How* to clarify it, none of us knew—we drink tea for the present. I have my beds to make, my rooms to sweep, and my tables to set, but I am well and strong, and should not mind it, (for I really feel the better for the exercise,) if I only knew how. Anne left us a large baking of bread. I looked forward with dismay to the time when that should be eaten up. We were reduced to the last loaf, and I begged my husband to ride over to the nearest neighbour's (two miles) and get me some leaven—for I knew that bread required leaven, though not how to make it, and unfortunately, my receipt-book was in a package of books not yet arrived.

"The good dame sent me some hard, bitter cakes, which she called 'turnpike emptyings.' How to apply them I did not know, but I grated them into my flour, and I rose in my own esteem: but, alas! my bread did not rise! You laugh, my dear friend; I laugh, too, sometimes; but I assure you that I cry much oftener. All day, and all night, I waited for the dough to rise. In the morning it was the same lump as when I mixed it. My husband suggested it might rise

in the oven: this seemed to me a bright thought, and into the oven it went; but, alas! it came out even more solid than it went in. My children were actually crying for bread, and I had nothing better than a stone to give them. I went to my room. My beautiful Petrarca was lying on the table. I looked at it for a moment with a sort of loathing. I would gladly have given all my knowledge of Italian, of which I have felt proud, to know how to make bread! 'But,' said my conscience, 'you might read Italian and make bread too. The time spent in getting half a dozen lessons would have sufficed to acquaint you with this essential art.'

"Do you remember how we used to laugh at Uncle John, when he came down from the country, and would tell us that we did not know anything? Vain-glorying, as we were, in being the first scholars in Madame C.'s school; 'Learn to make bread, girls,' he would say, 'the staff of life—learn to make bread.'

"'But I know how to make cake, uncle,' you replied. 'Fiddle de dee!' said Uncle John, 'that is an easy matter—but learn to make bread. Did you ever hear, girls, the story of the Queen of France who, when she was told her subjects wanted bread, asked why they did not give them cake?' I do not understand you, uncle, said I. 'Perhaps not, but you may one of these days.' Poor Uncle John, it seemed to me his ghost was at my elbow while I was watching that bread. I could make cake,—so

could Rose. I once made some on a wager, under the eye of my mother's pastry-cook, but of what use was cake when we wanted bread.

"To return to my story. While I was lamenting my good-for-nothingness, my husband came in, and asked if he should unpack my piano? 'No—no,' I cried, 'I never will touch my piano again till I know how to make bread. Get me a horse, if you love me, and let me ride over to that woman, and ask what she meant by sending me those detestable *turnpike* emptyings.' By the time I got to Mrs. Gates,' my feelings were somewhat subdued; so that I asked, very meekly, for directions how to use the *turnpikes*.

"'Gracious me!' exclaimed the good woman, 'I thought you knew as much as that?' I blushingly confessed I did not, and she gave me the directions. I went home, kneaded up my bread, and that evening's meal on the nice light loaf of my own making was, it seems to me, one of the happiest of my life.

"My greatest difficulty was overcome, but every day and hour I experience the evil of my ignorance. I have obtained a raw Irishwoman. She is strong and willing, but more ignorant than one of our savages. If I only knew how to direct, she could execute. Yesterday my husband had some pork sent to him. I, without much reflection, expected it to come as from the market, all cut up and prepared; but, to my utter horror, the animals were whole. I am sure the family, consisting of my husband, my-

self, Pat, our raw Irishman, Biddy and Rose, in joint council over the swine, were a group for Hogarth.

"Ah, my friend, 'you who live at home at ease,' little know the trials of *ladies* in the west. My husband had last week to go to Chigago, to meet some gentlemen from Philadelphia, on business. 'These shirts,' said he, showing me the linen done up (undone rather) by Biddy, are too bad to go among civilised people. Could you contrive, my dear wife, to have one or two decently ironed for me?'

"I faintly answered, 'Yes.' Biddy is quite competent to washing; so I gave her my orders, and then asked Rose, as a particular favour, to iron the shirts. She replied, pettishly, 'That she could not do everything;' and I, not accustomed, you know, to submit to any impertinence from my people, retorted sharply. The consequence was, that she fell to crying. 'If she could not plase me,' she said, 'she could lave me—it was Anne had invited her to come and live all the same as a sister with her, and sure that would be more plasing than living at service, and not giving satisfaction—there was no need of living a servant anyway in a new country, where there was room for all, and plenty.'

"I was terrified at the idea of her leaving me with the care of my children, in addition to everything else; so I choked down my griefs, and apologised, and soothed. Ah, my friend, it is one of the necessary and most mortifying effects

of our domestic ignorance and imbecility, that they make us completely subservient to those we employ.

"I am wearying you; but I must write of what my hands and heart are full. I ironed the shirts myself, and — shall I confess it? — I sprinkled them with my tears. What a labour it was! How often I thought of the weekly replenishing of my presses with clean clothes, I never bestowing one thought on the labour they cost. My ironing turned out better than I hoped. I took infinite pains, you may be sure; and when I felt the glow of success, and my husband thanked me heartily, I fell to a little moralising, and came to the conclusion, that the humblest services may receive a certain dignity from the motives and feelings that attend them.

"The great domestic problem at present to be solved is, how I shall provide my family with soap. I have abundant materials left by the squatters on our place; but though I have attended three courses of chemical lectures, I know no better than Biddy does how they should be combined; and she could as easily transmute lead to gold, as ashes and fat to soap.

"My prospects, however, are brightening. Mrs. Gates has promised to *lend* me her daughter, Louisa, for a month. She is to instruct Biddy and *me*. Louisa is what I now call an *accomplished girl*. Depend on it, the meaning of terms changes with our experience. At this moment I would give all my accomplishments—all my

knowledge of French, Italian, German, and Music, for Louisa Gates' ability in household matters. You will say, perhaps, that I exaggerate their importance, owing to my present unfortunate position. Believe me, my friend, it can scarcely be exaggerated. A wife must be responsible for the domestic comfort of her husband and children. It is important to our concerns that my husband should give all his time to his own department of business, but he is every day interrupted by some domestic necessity that I do not know how to supply, or some petty embarrassment that I cannot relieve. I feel that I am not a *help-meet* to him. He has no home comforts. He is most kind and forbearing, and I am doing what can be done, at my age, to rectify the errors in my education.

" I shall not regret my miserable experience, if it induces you, and some other of my dear friends in town, to think seriously on this subject. The result of such reflection, I am sure, will be, that it is essential to the well-being of your girls that they be thoroughly instructed in domestic economy."

In justice to the writer of the above, I shall give a short extract from a letter written by her after a residence in " the west" of some four or five years.

" You who were informed of all the domestic difficulties in which I was involved by my ignorance, when I first came, would be delighted now to see how comfortably I get on. I thought

for some time it was impossible to have any domestic comfort in the west; but 'impossible,' if not, as Napoleon said, 'the adjective of fools,' is that of imbeciles. I was determined, as far as I could, to make my husband and children comfortable, and I resigned myself to being a household drudge for the rest of my life.

"Household work cannot, as some imagine, be done extempore, nor is there a royal road to domestic economy, any more than to any other art or science. I applied my strength, my mind, and my conscience, to the business. I often failed, but I learned from failure as well as from success. Practice made that easy which at first seemed impossible. I can now despatch a bit of work in the time I at first consumed in sighing over it, and I often find my hands are performing their work like machinery, while my mind is wandering over earth, sea, and skies. What a wonder-worker is habit! When we cannot obtain domestics, we do not now suffer. Such occasions are, however, rare. We can get rough Irish or Germans, and I now know how to direct them, what to require of them, and where to assist them. They are well called '*hands*;' their employer must be '*head*' to them. And now, my dear friend, those branches of my education which, in my first despair, I thought utterly lost upon me, have assumed their right position, and household drudgery takes its subordinate place.

"When I know that the material wants of my family are provided for, I devote myself to the

intellectual education of my children; and here, far away from schools and masters, I pour into their minds the knowledge I acquired in my youth.

"Conscious that I do not neglect their domestic education, I feel that I have a right to impart to them my accomplishments; and those accomplishments that, when I first came here, seemed to me a mockery, somewhat like an imperial robe to a wretch starving for bread, are now the solace and delight of my family. Surrounded as you are by all the luxuries of civilisation, I will venture to say, that you can have no conception of the enjoyment of a piano in 'the west.' It is a social blessing. I cannot believe that an Italian opera ever gave more genuine delight than do our little family concerts. Kate plays duets with me on the piano, and my husband accompanies, with his flute, little Molly's guitar. Of course my girls have had no teacher but myself. You, who can see every day fine pictures and engravings, can hardly imagine our excitement, when one of my girls has made an accurate sketch from Nature, or copied a wild flower well. As to books, from the Bible, first and best, down to the last periodical which the blessed post brings us, you must be cut off from the civilised world, as we are, to know their full value. Think what it is, during our long days and evenings of unbroken leisure, to be in intimate communion with such spirits as Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, Petrarch, Fenelon, and

Cervantes. How often do I bless the education which enabled me to make acquaintance with these authors, and to introduce my children to them.

"And now I feel the full value of my late domestic education, which enables me to enjoy with a quiet conscience the high and elegant pursuits for which my early instruction alone qualified me. This domestic knowledge, believe me, my dear friend, is the *sine qua non*."

CHAPTER XIV.

NURSING.

AMONG the *must haves* of a woman's education, is a knowledge of the art of nursing. It is a woman's province, her duty, her happiness, to minister to the sick. She may well be satisfied to leave to men the responsibility of choosing their governors, and making laws, and the glory of leading armies, when Providence has assigned to her, among her other important offices, such a ministry of mercy as relieving the diseased body, and soothing the distressed mind. Many physicians will tell you, my young friends, that good nursing cures more patients than medicine. All the kingdoms of nature are explored for medicines, and if the physician gives years to the study of his profession, you should certainly be willing to give your minds and hearts, your *attention* to that branch of your education, that qualifies you for an office which, sometimes, by the physician's concession, excels his.

The endurance of severe sickness is the best

school to teach the art of nursing, but late may you acquire it at this cost! and, in the mean time, will you accept some hints that may be useful to you?

Every *good* doctor is a good nurse. Whenever sickness occurs in your family, listen to the directions of the physician. Observe his mode of doing little offices for the patient, for example, how he arranges the pillows, dresses a blister, &c.

By observing not only professed nurses, but your mothers and elderly friends, you will learn many little arts by which the sufferings of the sick are alleviated. One of these, *very simple*, you say, but nevertheless rarely *perfectly* done, is, making a bed well for a sick person.

Frequent *ventilation*, or airing of the apartment of the sick, is of the first importance not only to the invalid, but also to the attendants. Contagious diseases are propagated soon, and fatally, in close and impure air. The air of a sick-room, unless frequently changed, is always unfavourable to the health of those that are well. Self-preservation, therefore, as well as benevolence, should lead to constant attention to ventilation.

The impurity of the air in a sick room is perceptible. To overcome it, it is common to burn vinegar, sugar, &c. This produces a stronger odour, but does not purify the air. Burn the vinegar, if you choose, but, at the same time, open a door or window, and screen the patient from the draught.

Cleanliness is essential in a sick room. A distinguished physician says, "Few nurses are sufficiently scrupulous about the daily ablution of the sick. This neglect arises from the common fear of applying water to the sick, for fear of their taking cold. Instead of washing the patient's hands, face and neck, and often feet too, (would not the doctor extend the blessed office of the water to the arms and legs?) with warm soap and water, once, twice, or thrice a day, which should be done, they merely daub them over with a rag dipped in hot rum and vinegar, which leave on the skin all its impurities, and get it into a hard, dry, and most uncomfortable state.

"I have known," continues the doctor, "a lady in very comfortable circumstances, and not, in health, deficient in personal attentions, go, for I think not less than four weeks, of a chronic disease, without having her face or hands washed, except with vinegar or rum, till they became actually grim with dirt, when I accidentally discovered the cause of their strange appearance."

"*The fear of taking cold is one of the most pernicious superstitions of the sick chamber.* Vastly more hurt is done by the absolutely insane precautions taken against it, especially with children, than is to be attributed to the thing itself.

"Patients are debarred from fresh air, fresh water, clean clothes, and almost from the light of heaven, lest they should take cold. Not that

there is no fear of taking cold to the sick, or that no precautions should be taken against it, but that the danger itself is prodigiously overrated, and the means of obviating it are mistaken."

Quiet is one of the essentials of a sick room. Patients are often injured by noise and confusion, particularly children, who cannot tell what it is that affects them. When their fever has risen from the confusion and excitement of persons needlessly running in and out of the room, and making unnecessary noise, medicine is given to abate it. The fever may not abate, the strength certainly does, and so the disease advances.

Observe what it is that is most important in a sick room. Affectionate attention, pure air, cleanliness, and quiet. These, money cannot buy. An experienced and skilful nurse may sometimes be *hired*, but the best nurses are those whom Providence has provided; they may be found in the bosom of almost every family; they are the mothers, daughters, and sisters.

I have seen in a *very* poor family a widowed mother, attended through a long and mortal sickness, day and *night*, by her two daughters, and one of them a cripple and an invalid. As I looked around the orderly, neat and quiet apartment, and on the bed-ridden old woman in her clean cap and gown, and bed-linen, and watched the judicious and affectionate devotion of her two daughters, I thought "how much can be done in

this world without money, and with love, and *self-training!*"

It is not long since I chanced to visit a lady in the depths of poverty. She is an exile from her native land. She was bred, and has lived in more state, and with more attendants, than belong to the richest in America. She had just lost an infant child, and was herself extremely ill. Her only attendant, nurse, domestic, every thing, was a little girl, her daughter, *eleven years old.* "This child," said her mother, with tears of gratitude and fondness rolling down her cheek, "makes my bed, prepares my drinks, does every thing for me. I want for nothing—my dear, dear child." Was not this girl making rapid progress in self-education, think you? Had not the mother been brought up for something better than a fine lady? Oh, what an example of the fruits of moral self-education would this woman afford, if the story might be told of her cheerful labours and patient struggles in a strange land!

The most complete example of good nursing which I can present, is, by relating a circumstance in the life of our friend Mary Bond. I mentioned that her eldest brother, Raymond, was in college.

Raymond, from his early youth, evinced a taste for books, and his parents, judicious in most matters, had fallen into the common error of cherishing unduly this love of study. Raymond, at the age when the constitution demands a great

deal of exercise and sleep, was permitted to study all day, and sit up over his books half the night. To be sure he was the first scholar in his class, but was that a compensation for the hollow eye and flame-coloured cheek that indicated his constitution was undermining?—Nature's laws cannot be violated with impunity.

Mary Bond was seventeen years old in September, 183—. The following October her parents took a journey to Ohio, partly to see some connexions who are living there, and partly for Mr. Bond's health, which had long been declining. He had had repeated and violent attacks of a nervous rheumatism that affected his mind as well as his body, and put in requisition all Mrs. Bond's and all Mary's strength, skill, and patience. It was a good school for Mary, and she proved an apt scholar.

Mary's parents had been gone but a few days, when Raymond came home from college in a state of alarming debility and dejection. Mary sent for the physician. He was a most kind friend, as well as an able physician, and he entered with all his heart into Mary's anxieties, which, of course, were greatly augmented by her mother's absence. He saw nothing, he said, at present, that an intermission of Raymond's studies, riding and walking, and cheerful society, might not cure. Mary at once set about putting these remedies to the test. Mrs. Bond had left the family in Mary's charge, and she felt the ambition, natural

to a young girl who has such a dignified responsibility devolved upon her for the first time, to acquit herself with striking success. But Mary was not a girl to gratify the most innocent of vanities (if vanity it can be called) at the expense of a duty. The care and honour of keeping the house she assigned to her domestic and to a younger sister, and devoted herself to the paramount duty of entertaining Raymond. He was weak, irresolute, and capricious. He was often an hour deciding whether he would ride or walk, while she waited his decision with the utmost sweetness without seeming to wait, and finally induced him to decide by throwing some agreeable circumstance into the wavering scale.

"It is a lovely day," Mary would say; "shall we ride or walk, Raymond?"

"I wish you would not ask me, Mary," he would reply, fretfully; "you know very well I don't care which I do, if I must do either."

"Yes, Raymond, *must*, for must is for the doctor as well as for the king, and you know the doctor would not, for any consideration, we should lose such a day as this. Suppose we have the horse and chaise and go down to Mrs. Yale's —she owes us some butter, and I promised to come after it?"

"I do not wish to go there—you know, of course, I do not like to see butter when I am not allowed to eat it."

"Oh, I ought to have thought of that."

"No—I am sure I do not know why you need to have thought what a poor, selfish creature I am grown, Mary."

"Well, I did not, you see, Raymond. Shall we drive down to old Mrs Burrall's? She is so fond of you, Raymond, it will please her."

"No, I don't want to see Mrs. Burrall—she will ask me forty thousand questions about my health—I hate to have people bother me about my complaints—I don't wish to see any body."

"Then suppose we drive through the pine-wood, and round the head of the lake, where you got those beautiful orchises last year for Lydia Sawyer. Lydia is coming here this evening, and I think, as there has been no frost, we may find some orchises still in bloom."

"I should like that well enough; but, unless I am much better than usual, I don't wish to see Lydia this evening—remember, will you?"

"Certainly—and as Lydia is not coming till eight, you can go to your room without her observing it." In the evening she contrived to keep up Raymond's spirits till Lydia appeared. Then the orchises were produced, and that led to cheerful reminiscences of last year, and Raymond went to bed in a pleasanter frame of mind, and slept a refreshing sleep.

Still his disease gained ground, and all Mary's gentleness, considerateness and ingenuity, all her ministry to the mind, were unavailing. His fever ran high, violent symptoms appeared, and he

was laid on his bed. The nervousness that had characterised his malady from the beginning, increased.

"It is hard indeed to bear such unreasonableness," said the doctor, as he and Mary left the room after Raymond had been finding fault with her performance of some difficult office she had done in her kindest manner.

"Raymond was never unreasonable when he was well," replied Mary, brushing away the tears that in spite of her had gathered in her eyes; "and it would be hard indeed if I should worry at every trifle, when he is so sick and I am so well."

"But it is no trifle, my child, that he should insist on your staying with him by night as well as by day. You can't do it."

"I can try, doctor; and if I can't, I know Raymond will give up. Poor fellow! now he is so nervous, I think the watchers would do him more harm than good. They bring newspapers and books into the room—you would scarcely believe it, doctor, but when my father was so ill, the careless turning of the leaves of a book would raise his pulse, and the rattling of a newspaper almost drove him distracted."

"Oh yes, my child, I can believe it. Very few people know how important quiet is to most sick persons—to a nervous patient it is indispensable. So very careless or thoughtless are persons generally in this respect, that I have often been obliged myself to oil creaking hinges in

houses where I have had very sick patients, and I have been compelled, more than once, to beg *professed* nurses to exchange their creaking shoes for quiet ones. I wish there were a law to compel them to wear such soft treading things as those moccasins you have on, the very best article for a sick room—but you are your mother's own child, Mary—you think of everything."

"I *try*, sir—but I am far enough from being like my mother. Poor Raymond! how he must miss her?" Raymond did, however, miss her as little as such a mother could be missed; for whose eye, voice, touch, is like a wise and good mother's? It seemed that Mary, as the doctor said, "thought of everything." She had a table at one extremity of the room, where there were two waiters, with napkins spread over them, to prevent noise when she set down the glasses, cups, &c. Here she kept the medicines, all, of course, labelled, the drinks covered, spoons, and a clean napkin to spread over the sheet, whenever Raymond took his medicine or drink. Mary felt that nothing was more disagreeable to the eye than a soiled sheet, and every one knows how offensive is the odour of a spilled drop of medicine to a susceptible invalid. Beside the table was a wash-stand with its apparatus, so that if a drop of medicine soiled her fingers, it might instantly be removed, that Raymond might not be offended with the smell of it. Between this table and the bed was a clothes-horse,

covered with blankets, which screened the table from Raymond, and enabled her to carry on all her operations without his being disturbed by any bustle or movement. This screen did a double office, by enabling her to protect Raymond completely when she opened a door or window to change the air. The weather was just cold enough to require a fire; but a fire in a sick room, as every one knows, must be regulated with the utmost caution. Mary had a wood-box placed beside the fire-place, filled with wood best adapted to her purposes. In the corner she kept constantly a small tea-kettle with hot water, to prevent all unnecessary running in and out. By these arrangements, she avoided every movement that could be avoided, and saved every step that could be saved.

Sick as Raymond was, he sometimes fancied to be set up in the bed; and then Mary, having no bed-chair, arranged him a comfortable rest by placing a child's chair behind him, and a foot-stool against the foot-board, to brace his feet.

With the aid of a strong domestic, Mary changed the linen about him, shirt, sheets, &c., every night. This, the doctor said, did him more good than medicine, for it tended to give him sleep, and sleep is Nature's own medicine.*

* Where there is not in the family such a supply that clean linen can be furnished daily, the linen should be taken off in the morning, and hung in the fresh air. We believe there is scarcely an *American* family that has not linen enough for this.

It was a pleasure to see Mary dress a blister; such adroitness, neatness and despatch did she put into an operation, which, if awkwardly done, inflicts misery on the patient.*

It was no wonder that Raymond preferred Mary's attendance to any other, and that, having the selfishness so common in sickness, and more excusable in a nervous than in any other disease, he should think only of himself.

The doctor being one of those sagacious men that always go a little ahead in improvements, had adopted the practice, now common among our best physicians, of giving as little medicine as possible during the night, and *no* food, unless in case of extreme exhaustion. This, of course, abridged Mary's labours. She was not obliged to be awake at stated times, whether her patient were awake or not. She slept on a mattress on the floor, beside his bed, and at the slightest sound

* The following directions for dressing a blister are given with her characteristic clearness, by the author of the "Young Lady's Friend."

"In dressing blisters, have your ointment spread thinly on both sides of a linen rag, rather larger than the blister, and lay this on a cloth (which may be cotton or linen) folded many times—then, with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors in one hand, and a cloth in the other, make an aperture in the lower part of the bag of water, and another little hole above, to give it vent. Take away all that runs freely, but do not trouble the patient, and keep the blistered part exposed to the air, by trying to empty every drop. It will run off by degrees into the cloth. You should break the raised skin as little as possible. The dressing should be frequently renewed at first, or the discharge may cause the rag to stick, and that will disturb the loose skin."

from him she awoke, and in a short time she had learned the nurse's art of falling asleep the moment her head touched the pillow, so that there was no unnecessary waste of strength.

Mary was not one of those unwise persons who think it a proof of love and devotion, to neglect themselves entirely during the illness of a friend; who think it almost unfeeling to eat with an appetite, or to breathe the fresh air! Mary knew it was necessary, not only to be devoted, but, by every personal attention, to keep herself qualified to be so. She never neglected her thorough daily ablutions; she got all the sleep she could; and, as often as she could, she went into the fresh air. Sometimes, while Raymond was sleeping, and her youngest sister or her friend Lydia sat with him, she took a mile's walk and returned with a freshened complexion, and a sweet smile, that would, for a few moments, communicate cheerfulness even to poor Raymond.

But, with all her precautions, she began to show the wear and tear of her prolonged service; and the doctor insisted that she should allow herself at least one night's unbroken sleep.

She applied to Raymond, to select from all the neighbourhood who stood ready to come to his assistance the attendant most agreeable to him. He chose his friend, Charles Waters. Charles was a young farmer who worked hard all day, and slept soundly all night; and though Mary knew him to be most kindly disposed, she

doubted his ability to keep his eyes open. However, Raymond would not be crossed, and Charles came. Mary gave him the most precise instructions, and a hundred admonitions to be careful to make no noise; and then, after furnishing him with a pair of her father's slippers, and providing against every possible want, she went to bed, and slept soundly till morning.

When she went into Raymond's room, she found him lying flat on the bed without a pillow, his bed in the completest disorder, and his eyes wide open. In a chair, by the hearth, sat Charles Waters fast asleep, and snoring like the sound of a trumpet. Raymond burst into a hysteric laugh. "Just so he has gone on ever since twelve o'clock!" said he. "He almost killed me, spilling my drink all over the sheet, and knocking down the shovel and tongs. I have thrown all my pillows at him, but I can't wake him." Mary arranged her brother's pillows, and then waked the *watcher*, who, rousing himself, exclaimed, "I declare, I do believe I have been in a doze!"

Mary smiled, and signing to him not to approach the bed, (for she feared a fresh outbreak from Raymond,) she conducted him out of the room, and poor Charles left the house, his kind heart heavy with a still rather dim consciousness that he had proved but an unprofitable *watcher* to his friend.

This experiment had a serious effect on Raymond, and disinclined Mary more than

ever to substitute any attendance for her own, and when compelled to do so, she selected the most experienced of her friends. But, with all her caution, she was sure, in the morning, to hear a complaint from Raymond of some mishap.

Raymond had experienced great relief from the doctor's prescription of *dry*-rubbing, and Mary had made crash mittens, with which it could be more handily done than with a towel. One morning, she found that a watcher, in his zeal to do his task thoroughly, had rubbed the skin off her brother's legs!

On another occasion, the bag of sand, which she kept to warm his feet and legs, (an excellent mode of doing it,) had been applied so hot as to blister him.

These errors would never have been committed by kindly-intentioned persons, if they had considered nursing as an art that it was their duty to study.

Raymond's disease seemed to baffle the physician's skill and Mary's nursing; it gained ground, and the doctor did not conceal from Mary that his life was in imminent danger. Still she preserved her calm demeanour, and at her brother's bedside her apparent cheerfulness. While she was bending over him, and the silent prayer was bursting from her heart that his life might be spared, at least spared till her parents' return, her sweet voice had its usual tone, and there was a smile on her lips. Not a constrained smile, but the natural expression of a spirit at the same

time courageous and submissive—it was the outward shining of an inward light.

It was now that Mary realised to the full the advantage of an early religious preparation for days of sickness. Raymond was in that state of weakness and nervous excitement, that if he had been one of those who put off the thought of religion and the other world till they are on the brink of the grave, it would have been dangerous to have alluded to it. But religion was a familiar topic with Raymond and Mary, in their days of health, and their eye of faith being fixed on the other world, it was to them near and certain. So that now it was neither strange nor startling to Raymond, when Mary sank on her knees by his bedside, and in a calm, low voice expressed, in a short prayer, the resignation, faith, and love of both their souls. Occasionally she would repeat to him some inspiring passage of scripture, and it fell on him like dew from heaven. He was always after it more tranquil and patient.

It pleased Heaven to avert the trial which seemed so certain. Raymond's fever abated, his mind became natural, and all his symptoms were pronounced by the doctor to be most favourable. Mary did not relax her attentions. She knew that a convalescent's life often depends on the watchfulness and good judgment of the attendants. She guarded against cold. She prevented the indulgence of the too keen solicitings of appetite. She substituted other pleasures

for eating; the reading of an interesting passage, the telling of an agreeable bit of news, or some pleasant saying of the children, (delicious original bon-mots there are among every set of juveniles,) or she had some visiter at hand (Lydia Sawyer, for instance, always welcome) to be admitted for a few moments. She avoided that danger in all country neighbourhoods, *too much visiting*, and she strictly withheld the bits of pudding, custards, sweetmeats, &c., which their kind-intentioned but misjudging friends sent in to Raymond.

"I wish we could get up a gruel-school," said the doctor, one day, as he saw Raymond taking with relish a cup of Mary's nice gruel, "you should be the teacher, Mary. There is not one woman in a hundred, old or young, who knows how to make decent gruel. Who taught you? And pray how do you make it?" "My mother taught me, sir. I first sift the Indian meal through a fine shaker-sieve; a bit of muslin will answer, but the meal *must* be fine. I then wet it with a little cold water, and afterwards carefully stir it into my boiling water, so as to have no lumps. I never skim it. My mother says that takes off the nourishment. I boil it for half an hour, stirring it all the time. Of course I do not make it every time it is wanted, for sometimes, when I want it extra good, I boil and stir it a full hour, and then I put it away in a close vessel and in a cool place. For Raymond, or

for any one getting well, and free from fever, I put in a third wheat flour, and half milk. You see it is a very simple process, sir."

"Yes—simple enough. But it is to these simple processes that people will not give their attention."

Mary had the happiness of seeing Raymond sitting up before their parents returned, and when they drove into the great gate, and up the lane, he was in his rocking-chair by the window, watching for them. They had heard of his illness, and were most thankful to find him so far recovered. The doctor chanced to be present when they arrived. "O doctor," said Mrs. Bond, after the first greetings were over, "how shall I ever be grateful enough to you?"

"I have done very little, Mrs. Bond," replied the honest doctor. "In Raymond's case, medicine could do little or nothing. Nature had been overtasked, and wanted rest and soothing. Under God, Raymond owes his recovery to Mary."

"O mother!" exclaimed Raymond, bursting into tears, "she is the best sister in the world!"

"She is the best sister in the *two* worlds!" cried little Grace Bond, a child of five years old.

A source of true comfort and happiness is such a child, and such a sister as Mary Bond! a light in her parent's dwelling, and destined to be the central sun of a little system of her own.

You will perhaps ask, my young friends, how a girl of seventeen could understand nursing as well as if she were forty? Mary, to begin with,

had a quick perception of the feelings of others, and a generous nature, that made devotion to them easy to her. Her mother had taught her all that can be taught, and she had given her *attention* to the subject. She had studied it with as much assiduity as some girls study music or the fashions, and under a far higher impulse. Mary Bond's pursuits were directed by an ennobling sense of duty, and she was fast going on towards that high elevation, where *duty* and *happiness* become synonymous.

CHAPTER XV.

MANNERS.

You have perhaps thought, my young friends, that manners were to be learned, to be imitated, or copied, as you would copy the fashion of a hat, or the cut of a cape.

Manners are too often considered as certain forms to be taught, as modes of conduct for which rules are to be made. Some of the Greek states maintained professors to teach manners, and we have heard of an English dame-school, which had this inscription over the door, "Sixpence for them that larns to read, and sixpence more for them as larns manners."

Is this making manners a distinct branch of education, consistent with their nature? Are they not the sign of inward qualities—a fitting expression of the social virtues? Are they not a mirror, which often does, and always should, truly reflect the soul? For instance, is not a person of mild temper gentle in manner? Has not another, of a bold and independent disposition, a forward and fearless manner? It has been well said that "real elegance of demeanour

springs from the mind, fashionable schools do but teach its imitation."

A celebrated French writer, (Tocqueville,) in apprising his readers that he uses the word "manners" in an extended sense, says, "I comprise under this term the whole moral and intellectual condition of a people." This is, perhaps, too broad a definition of manners, but as a general rule, in proportion as intellectual and moral education improve the mind and heart, they will improve the manners, for they are but the expression of mind and heart. Listen to what Mr. Locke says, in speaking of the education of a young person: "If his tender mind be filled with veneration for his parents and teachers, which consists in love and esteem, and a fear to offend them, and with respect and good will to all people, that respect will of itself teach *those ways* which he observes to be most acceptable."

This has not been the general view of manners. The Chinese have published an immense number of treatises on this subject. One of these treatises contains three thousand articles. Probably not more than one hundred of these three thousand would be of any use to the Chinese out of his own country, and these hundred—if there be so many—are of universal application, because they are *the sign of inward* qualities.

Even our own country has produced as well as republished books containing codes of manners. These proceed from modern antiques, who, unconscious of the state of society in which

they live, would mark it off into classes, after the fashion of the old world, and give to them distinguishing badges by introducing European etiquette; that is, certain ceremonial observances, and forms of politeness, agreed on by that class of people designated as "the polite world," "the upper classes," "fashionable people," and "good society." The rules they give are merely conventional, and have nothing to do with the essence of good manners.

These books are written exclusively for gentlemen and ladies. Now, as you know, my young friends, *gentleman* and *lady*, in our country, are rather indefinite terms. If you ask what Mr. So and So's profession or business is, you may be told "he has not any—he is a gentleman!" Others limit the term to those who belong to the professional and mercantile walks. They will tell you, in speaking of an assembly, "there were no *gentlemen* there, only farmers, mechanics, and so on." Others, more generous, or less nice in their application of the term, will talk of "coloured *gentlemen* and *ladies*," or designate a beggar at the door as that "old *lady*," or "old *gentleman*." If, then, these terms are so uncertain in their application as to be quite indefinite, had we not best reject them altogether, and speak of what we all understand, and all respect—well-bred *men* and *women*?

We believe there is no country in the world, whose circumstances are so favourable to the general diffusion of good manners as our own.

We find a confirmation of this opinion in a remark made by a late English traveller among us. "The manners of the Americans," says Miss Martineau, in her 'Society in America,' "are the best I ever saw."

What are the circumstances so favourable to good manners, and of course to good character? for I pray you to bear in mind that manners are but the manifestation of character. I must premise that by good manners I do not mean the polished manners of the most highly educated and refined of other countries, nor the deferential subservience of their debased classes—too pleasing to those who prefer the homage to the friendship of their fellow-creatures.

There is no country where such an equality of rights and condition exists, as in our northern states. There is no other where the rewards of fortune are so certain to the industrious and ingenious, nor where the just poverty that follows idleness and imbecility is so sure. Of course, we have no barriers that are either impassable, or difficult to be passed, from one condition to another.

The English are of the same race (the Saxon) as ourselves. They, too, are a free people. Most of the hauteur which distinguishes the upper classes in England, and the servility that degrades the inferior ones, may be ascribed to the fixedness of the barriers that separate them.

Whence, think you, come the manliness, frankness, independence, and self respect of the man-

ners of the mechanic and common farmer? They are intelligent men, and to a certain degree educated. They feel that they stand on even ground with the professional man, and a little above the rich *idle* gentleman. They know that their sons have an equal chance for the first stations in the land. They feel no provocation to rudeness, and no motive for servility.

Equality of rights and fluctuation of conditions restrain the temper, and inspire mutual kindness and forbearance, for there are none above the manifestation of our good dispositions, and none below it.

The mingling of all classes is favourable to good manners. We know it is not deemed so by those who still cling to the aristocracy of our fathers' days, and who would have one class polished while the other rusts, one class marked by prescribed observances, of which their inferiors in condition are quite ignorant; but surely good manners, to the greatest number, are preferable to a high bred manner to the few.

This mingling of all conditions gives to those who are least educated an opportunity of associating with those whose refinement and delicacy of manners is the sign of the high cultivation and refinement of their minds.

The habit of travelling that prevails, and is increasing among our people, is favourable to good manners. In our rail-road cars and steamboats, the humblest and hitherto most sequestered individual sits side by side, eats at the same table,

and sleeps in the same apartment, with the most highly educated and polished. Very dull must those be who cannot, if they will, profit by a good model.*

But the circumstance above all others favourable to our national manners, is the general exer-

* Our steamers would be excellent schools of manners, if those qualified to teach would benevolently enlighten ignorance, instead of laughing at it. I was once in the dressing-room of a North River steam-boat, when a very decent young girl, apparently of humble condition, asked a lady who had her dressing-case open, and was arranging her hair, if she would lend her one of her hair-brushes. "Certainly," said the lady. I saw her lip curl. The girl took the brush, and brushed her hair in a most leisurely way, saying, she thought "hair-brushes were very handy!" When she returned the brush, the lady, before her eyes, threw it out of the window. The girl knew not why, but felt that the lady was very proud and disagreeable. The lady flattered herself she understood, thoroughly, good manners. But which, we ask, was the grossest violation of manners, the ignorance of the girl, or the superciliousness of the lady?

A young girl from B.——, an obscure village in Massachusetts, made a like request under the same circumstances to a friend of mine. My friend shut the dressing-room door, and smiling, kindly said, "My good little girl, I cannot *lend* you my brush—brushes are not articles to be lent. This is a rule of good manners, which is founded in reason; for you know all persons' heads are not equally clean; and diseases have been communicated by persons using the same combs and brushes. It is therefore considered ill-bred to ask the loan of a brush. But here is one which I never have used, and you will really oblige me if you will accept it; for you will prove to me I have not hurt your feelings, which I should be sorry to do for forty brushes." The girl took the brush, and, with a tear and a smile, murmured that she "did'nt believe such a lady *could* hurt any one's feelings."

cise of mind among us. In Prussia, where the government is despotic, the common schools are said to be better than ours, but the mind of the people is not called forth. It is the awakened, active mind that gives form and expression to the manners.

Manners, like everything else in our character and conduct, should be based on religion. "Honour all men," says the Apostle. This is the spring of good manners. It strikes at the very root of selfishness. It is the principle by which we render to all ranks and ages their due.

A respect for your fellow-beings; a reverence for them as God's creatures and your brethren, will inspire that delicate regard to their rights and feelings, of which good manners are the sign.

If you have truth, not the truth of policy, but religious truth, your manners will be sincere. They will have earnestness, simplicity, and frankness, the best qualities of manners. They will be free from assumption, pretence, affectation, flattery, and obsequiousness, which are all incompatible with sincerity. If you have a goodly sincerity, you will choose to appear no other nor better than you are—to dwell in a true light.

If, my young friends, you are benevolent, your manners will be attentive and kind. If you are disinterested, you will prefer the accommodation and convenience of others, in small, every day

and every hour matters, to your own. This is what the world calls politeness, and what politeness only imitates.

Mr. Hallam, in defining courtesy, as understood in the days of chivalry, says, "This word expressed the most highly refined good breeding, founded less upon a knowledge of ceremonious politeness, though this was not to be omitted, than on the spontaneous modesty, self-denial, and respect for others, which ought to spring from the heart."

There can be no better definition of good manners than this; and if you strike out of it the "ceremonious politeness," you will perceive that it is not necessary to live in the polite world to learn good manners; and that as *essentially* good manners may be found in the country farm-house, as in the city drawing-room.

And so is the fact. I have never seen better models of manners, (the essentials of manners, "spontaneous modesty, self-denial, and respect for others,") than in the home of a New England farmer, where the parents, respected and self-respecting, were fountains of kindness to their household; where the children blended, in their manners to their parents, filial reverence with social equality; where the strong bond of love between brothers and sisters was manifest in reciprocal devotion graced with courtesy, and where the guest was received with a manner that no code nor instructor could have produced,

because it expressed conscious dignity, independence, and a pains-taking benevolence.*

I have seen it gravely stated by some writer on manners, that "it takes three generations to make a gentleman." This is too slow a process in these days of accelerated movement, when we cross the Atlantic in twelve days, and when our broadcloth is manufactured in less time than our grandmothers spent in picking the wool.

It has been asserted by high authority that "whatever may be the accomplishments necessary to render us capable of reaching the highest platform of social eminence, there is one thing, and one alone, which will enable a man to retain his station there, and that is good breeding." We would readily assent to this, if, for his conventional good breeding the writer would substitute good manners, or courtesy, as defined by Mr. Hallam.

Now, my young friends, as I trust you are prepared to admit that good manners, or good

* A foreigner might smile at this passage as an overcharged picture; but a foreigner has little conception of what a New England farmer is. He is too apt to fancy that a tiller of the ground must be a drudge—a clodpole. A New England farmer's mind, as well as his hands, is employed in the cultivation of the soil. He is not a "tenant at will," nor a "tenant for years," but the independent proprietor of his little domain. He owns homage or fealty to none but God. He is frequently the select man, the chosen supervisor of the municipal affairs of his township. He may be a state legislator, or a magistrate, or both—and he is often, as in the case I have alluded to, the father of sons who fill well the first places in the land.

breeding, is among the *must-haves* of a well-educated person, we must settle, as far as we are able, in what good breeding does, and in what it does not, consist.

It does not consist, as some codes of manners maintain, in entering a room gracefully, in passing in a certain established order from the drawing to the dining-room, in dropping your eyes, with punctual modesty, at the moment of raising a glass of wine to your lips, in discarding your napkin at a prescribed moment, in eating with your fork in your right hand, in never touching your lips with a knife, in eating a boiled egg from the shell, in knowing when to offer your hand with the glove on, and when off, when to salute with a bow, and when with a curtsey; nor even in making a graceful curtsey, though we have heard a dancing-master gravely assert that "everything in life depended on that!"

Nor does good breeding require the use of certain fashionable phrases. All these matters are conventional, and have nothing to do with the good manners which will fit you for all societies, in every country. These conventionalisms belong to the free-masonry of the fashionable world. One may be essentially ill-bred, and practise them all as scrupulously as the Jews paid their mint, anise, and cummin.

The most striking and prevailing defect in the manners of Americans is, I believe, a want of courtesy. This has probably arisen from the general equality of rights, condition, and educa-

tion. And it arises in part from that *mauvaise honte* or shyness characteristic of our English ancestors, from whom we inherit it. A little reflection and moral cultivation would soon remedy this defect. What do I mean by *courtesy*, and how is the want of it shown, do you ask? A few winters since, a well-bred young foreigner came to the interior, and took lodgings at a village inn, for the purpose of learning the English language. To facilitate its acquisition, he generally preferred remaining in the receiving-room of the tavern, where travellers were passing in and out. His writing-table was placed before the fire. When the women came shivering in from a long, dreary drive in the stage-coach, he moved his table to the coldest corner of the room, mended the fire, drew chairs near it, and, if they brought in foot-stoves or blocks, he found the best place to heat them. He then returned to his own uncomfortable seat, and pursued his writing or reading.

The women profited by his civilities, without appearing to notice them. During the whole winter he never received one word of acknowledgment—not one "thank you, sir," or, "you are very kind, sir," or, what would have seemed inevitable, "pray, don't take that cold seat, sir." What was the polished stranger's inference? Certainly, that the Americans were a most discourteous, if not a cold-hearted people.

Cold-hearted we are not. These women were

probably generally impressed with the young man's attentions—one of them, I know, in relating her travelling experience at her own fireside at night, said, she "never should forget a young man at the tavern in S——. She thought she should have died with the cold before she got there; and when she went in, he moved away from the fire, and gave her the rocking-chair—hung her cloak over the back of another, and warmed her block for her, and did everything just as if he had been her own son!" And yet this good woman had not indicated in her manners to the young man that she even saw him. Here there was no expression of the real feeling, no *courtesy*.

I have often seen men in steam-boats, in stage-coaches, in churches, and other public meetings, rise and give their seats to women, and the women seat themselves quietly, without a look or word of acknowledgment. And so with a thousand other attentions which are rendered, and are received without any return. Avoid such discourtesy, my young friends—it is not only displeasing, but unjust. We actually owe some return for such civilities, and a courteous acceptance is, in most cases, the only one that can be made. These little chance courtesies are smiles on the face of manners, and smiles are like sunshine—we can scarcely have too much of either.*

* I am tempted to introduce here an anecdote, which will show by contrast how much the women of America

Courtesy, I repeat, is confined to no age or condition. A very helpless party of invalids and children were driving out of New York. An

owe to the kindness and defence of the other sex; and will also show what shocking violations of good manners are tolerated in a society piquing itself on high breeding.

A pretty Englishwoman, who has been for many years a resident in America, went last year to England. A friend at Liverpool, who put her into the rail-car there for Birmingham, told her, on her arrival at the inn in that city, to send Boots (a servant) to the mail-coach office, to take her passage for London, to pay for it, and have her name booked, which would secure it to her. She complied exactly with his directions. At the hour of departure, she was at the inn from which the coach started; and, on being notified by the coachman that all was ready, she took her place. The coach carries four inside passengers. The number was completed by three gentlemen taking their seats with her. The coach drove for ten minutes about Birmingham, and then stopped; when a gentleman appeared at the coach-door, and said he was entitled to a place. "Yes," said a stander-by, "Lord C....'s place has been booked for a month." A person came forward with a way-bill, and asked the gentlemen's names. They were given, and were all down. "And your's, ma'am," he asked, appealing to the lady. She told him. He said it was not down. Her name was rather a long and unusual one, and probably was not written correctly; but as there was but one woman, there could be no mistake as to her right. Feeling herself a stranger in the country, and alone, and having driven far from the inn from which she started, and lost sight of the servant who had been her agent, she had no one to verify her claim, and, naturally confused and alarmed, she turned to the gentlemen, and said, "What am I to do?" Two were silent, and one replied, "Get out as fast as you can, ma'am, and take off your luggage." She did get out, and Lord C...., without one word of counsel, apology, or regret, got in, and took her place. She hesitated for a

alarming accident occurred. The carriage was badly broken. A man came forward, and, after bestowing much pains and time, rendered effec-

moment—her baggage was on the coach, and her friends in London were anxiously expecting her; but the day was one of the coldest of an English winter, the mercury not being more than seven or eight degrees above zero; and she, clad for a close English mail-coach, was ill fitted to encounter the keen blasts on the outside. The image of a dear relative awaiting her, to meet whom she had made a winter's passage across the Atlantic, turned the scale, and she mounted to the top of the coach.

There were two outside passengers, probably not lords, and possibly not high-bred gentlemen; but they appeared struck with the exposure of a delicate lady to the cold, and arranged their seats so as to protect her as far as in their power. Soon after, the coachman handed a balance due to her, being the difference between the price of an outside and inside place. When within fifty miles of London, she became so ill from exposure, that she left the mail, and hired a post-chaise. There is a well-known law in England, where the laws carefully guard the rights of the upper classes, made with reference to such cases as our friend's. If more than the number prescribed for a mail-coach is booked, the passenger unprovided with a seat may call for a post-chaise, and the proprietor is compelled to furnish it. This Lord C. . . . and his three companions must have known; but without taking the trouble to suggest the remedy, or to open their lips, these gentlemen, lord and all, permitted an unprotected, solitary woman, to get out of the coach on a most inclement day, and shift for herself.

But these were *gentlemen* trained by aristocratic institutions; and probably, in a London drawing-room, they would not have offended against one of the conventional laws of politeness.

When the lady in question left her own home in the interior of America to embark for Europe, she travelled for

tive aid. "We are very much obliged to you," said one of the frightened party to this Samaritan. "You are as welcome as you are obliged," he replied. He was a blacksmith, one of that class designated by the ultra aristocrats of the old world as "the swinish multitude."

I said courtesy was confined to no age. A very graceful courtesy was rendered to Washington by a little girl. He was paying a visit at her mother's house. When he went away, she opened the door to let him out. I wish you a better office, my dear," he said. "Yes, sir—to let you in!"

Discourtesy is not limited to country-bred or uneducated persons. We have seen a plain,

some distance in a stage-coach without a protector. She needed none. There were seven or eight passengers, strangers to her, men of perfectly unpolished manners, it must be confessed, who secured to her the best seat, and whatever comfort the coach admitted; who assisted her whenever they alighted; and, when they returned to the coach, stood aside and waited with all deference till she was well placed; and, when her luggage was to be transferred to the steamer, relieved her of all the trouble of it.

If, as Tocqueville says, "to refine the habits, and embellish the manners, does not belong to a democratic government," let us be careful to retain the humanities and social kindness which do. Better the unpolished gold, than the glittering of false coin.

Not to prejudice our young readers, and to prove that their *relations* in the old world are not all destitute of the humanities that characterise their *far off cousins* here, it is but justice to state that the lady above referred to was, during her travels in England, witness on one occasion to great kindness done to a forlorn, way-faring woman by her fellow passengers.

respectable man, on the deck of a crowded steam-boat, rise and give his chair (when chairs were in alarming disproportion to sitters) to a fashionable woman, and she take it without the slightest acknowledgment, when, if the person doing her the favour had been what *she* called a gentleman, she would have said, "You are very kind, sir;" or "Pray, sir, do not let me deprive you of your seat." Surely, the most exact etiquette would be no compensation for such superciliousness.

There is inhumanity in discourtesy to inferiors in condition, which makes them feel this inferiority. It is infinitely worse than any rudeness that proceeds from ignorance.

There is a passage in the writings of Charles Lamb, in reference to treating an inferior in condition with the same respect that you would an equal or superior, which deserves to be written in letters of gold. "I shall believe in it," (in modern gallantry,) he says, "when those who would be thought notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think they are not observed—when I shall see the traveller part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in rain; when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her seated at their

ease, and jeering at her distress, till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares, 'she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger or handsomer!' Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer bred man."

We know a gentleman, according to the most exact definition of the term, who illustrates the spirit of Charles Lamb in every-day life. His is the courtesy the Apostle meant, when he said, "Be ye courteous!" No knight or "prince of cavaliers" could exceed him, except in the subjects of their gallantry. Most of you have heard the anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh throwing his cloak into the mud, that his Queen, Elizabeth, might pass over dry shod. Mr. Prescott relates a similar anecdote of Gonzalvo, styled the "Prince of Cavaliers." Queen Isabella was returning from a ship, in a small skiff, to the shore. The waters were so swollen, that the boat could not be brought to a dry landing, and while the sailors were preparing to carry the Queen to the shore, Gonzalvo dashed in, dressed as he was, in crimson velvet and brocade, and bore her to dry footing in his arms. Certainly these were striking courtesies, but they were rendered to *queens*. We have known our "Prince of Cavaliers" carry on his knee, for a tedious day, in a stage-coach, the fretting child of a poor woman, whom he casually met, who

was sickly, but neither young nor pretty. He might not have doffed his cloak for a Queen, but he would have been apt to lay down a plank to save a forlorn old woman from damping her feet. In truth, he never betrays his consciousness that he has an inferior, except in more scrupulous attentions, more unmeasured kindness to the humble, the overlooked, and unattractive, than to his equals. Have you seen the sun on a winter's day suddenly break forth, and light up the dreary hills, and leafless woods, and sad-coloured rocks, and dismal swamps, so that, for a moment, they looked all gladness? Such is the effect of this good man's manners; they kindle smiles on sad faces, and send sunbeams into hearts that dwell in deep shadows!

I have told you, my young friends, what is not ill-breeding. It may be of use to some of you to tell you what is. The grossest offence against manners, in our country, is the prevailing habit of spitting. This is not confined to the irreclaimable class of tobacco-chewers. This vile habit begins in childhood. I have seen a boy spitting for half an hour at a knot-hole, and seemingly as much pleased when he hit the mark, as if he had been practising with a cross-bow. I have seen a class of boys at a Sunday-school, each having his little pet pond of saliva, which it seemed his highest ambition to swell; and I have seen these same boys so well disciplined, that after three months they would as soon have

thought of insulting their teacher by any other impertinence as of spitting before her.

My dear girls, you may think those strictures superfluous to you, but have you not seen spitting women? And is it not in your power, by your influence over your brothers and male friends, to do something towards reforming this disgusting practice?

Some writer says, alluding to the animadversions of foreigners on this subject, "I now never spit without looking out to see if there is an Englishman in company." Let every female make herself as much a terror to these evil doers as an English observer can be.

Illiterate and vulgar language is an obvious sign of ill-breeding. Profane and indelicate terms are rather violations of morality. Cant phrases, and what is called slang, which school-girls as well as college-boys are addicted to, are ill-bred.

It is ill-bred for young persons not to offer their seats to their parents, or to other persons older than themselves, who are standing—no matter if they be strangers, or are met in a steamboat or an inn.

It is ill-bred to eat fast, to take up your food dripping with gravy, to stuff your mouth full, and speak while the food is in it, to make any unnecessary noise, either with the teeth or lips, to use your knife and fork so as to soil your fingers—to soil the tablecloth—to touch anything on the table, except your own food, with your

knife, fork, or spoon, and to tip your chair at table.

It is ill-bred to walk heavily, to slam doors, to talk in a loud tone, and to shout in laughing, especially in the street.

It is ill-bred, in travelling, to make any unnecessary bustle and fuss, to stare at those you meet—to scrutinise their dresses, or make a display of your own.

Whatever comes under the head of keeping a sharp look-out for *number one*, is ill-bred—eagerness for the best place in a stage-coach, incommoding others with your bandboxes, baskets, or parcels, securing the best berth in a boat, without a due regard to the rights of others—pressing forward for the best seat at a public table, and when there, manifesting zeal to get your portion of the best things on it.*

These indulgences are trifling and transient, while a preference of the accommodation of those around you, besides being the perfection of good breeding, excites their good feelings, and does a positive good to your own heart. Such

* It would seem that such ill-breeding as is here alluded to, would scarcely be tolerated among civilised people, and yet it is notorious that, in the fashionable circles of our cities, some young men thrust themselves before ladies, and there stand, bolt upright, turning their backs, and almost treading on their toes. And the eagerness with which these same young men surround the supper-table to eat and drink, reminds one of nothing so much as of the greediness of certain animals on the farmer's premises. Are these young men *educated*?

very trifling sacrifices as relinquishing a seat to a stranger, or helping him to the last bit of a scanty pudding, are felt and remembered.

It is ill-bred, uninvited, to look over a person who is reading a newspaper, or a book. It is ill-bred to take up a stranger's book without asking permission. It is ill-bred, at night, in a steamer, to talk, or make any unnecessary noise; for however unable you may be to sleep, others would fain sleep if they could.

It is ill-bred to push your way through a crowd, hitting one here, and jostling another there. It is ill-bred in any company to take the best seat, or so to accommodate yourself as to seem regardless of the comfort of others.

It is ill-bred, while another is talking, to begin talking yourself, either to the speaker or to another person; and when one is talking to you, to be evidently not listening, but thinking of your reply, is ill-bred. And so it is, not to look at the person talking to you; but, instead, to be gazing round the room, or scrutinising the speaker's dress. And very ill-bred is it to take more than your share of the conversation.

It is a common piece of ill-breeding, (and not rare in polished society,) when you chance to enter a room where there is a stranger, or to be placed next one in company, to seem deaf and blind, or merely to exchange stares. There is a civility superior to this in the instinct of animals, for they give some token of being conscious of one another's presence. A simple "good morn-

ing," or "it's a fine day," or "extremely warm," or "very cold,"—truisms which every one can utter,—are a recognition that you belong to the same great family. Such salutations should be universal, be the apparent disparity of condition what it may. I cannot repeat too often, that any manifestation of a consciousness of a superior condition is the height of ill-breeding.

There is a similar omission very common with those who come in contact with such as they look upon as their superiors, in externals at least, because they are better dressed, *better off*, and perhaps have easier manners than they. I allude to withholding a salutation, from a shyness and reserve, amounting to churlishness, if not to surliness. It is not true modesty. It is an unprovoked distrust of their fellow creatures. It indicates a want of self-respect, an undue estimate of externals, and borders on meanness, which, though the opposite of superciliousness, is hardly less offensive.

Our young people are reproached with a want of respect in their manners to their parents. A celebrated foreigner was warned, before coming here, that "she would be shocked with a general filial insubordination and disrespect." Now, if obedience to the precept, "honour all men," will produce general good-breeding, obedience to the command, "honour thy father and mother," should be manifest in deference, in voluntary submission, in the watchful eye, and gentle tone of voice; in all the outward signs of filial love

and respect—beautiful blossoms from a deep-struck root.

There is a kindred and most ungracious fault, which is said to prevail and increase among the young Americans—a want of deference to their elders. My dear young friends, I pray you to reform this altogether.

There are more marks of ill-breeding than I can enumerate, but I believe I have not noted one which is not of universal application, and this confirms the position with which I started, "that good manners are the signs of inward qualities," "founded on spontaneous modesty, self-denial, and respect for others." I am aware that I have not said a word of the graces of deportment—of how you are to carry your hands, and how you are to carry your head—of walking gracefully—of entering and leaving a room—of rising up and sitting down—of bowing and curtseying. Some deem these important points of manners, marks by which a well-bred lady is to be known, and only to be attained by the aid of a dancing-master, and practice in good society. As graceful a woman as I ever saw, was taught to dance in Paris, and to walk, (according to a late fashion in England,) by a drill-sergeant, but she did not walk better than some young girls, (who have never seen a dancing-master, or heard of a drill-sergeant,) before they had contracted any bad habits, or ungraceful tricks, to mar the grace and freedom of nature. I allow that a graceful de-

portment is beautiful and desirable, but not that it is *essential* to good manners.

I assure you that if you will keep from tricks with your hands and feet, if you will not constrain your person by a foolish shyness, nor throw yourself about with a presuming freeness,—if you will shun every species of personal affectation, and be quiet in your ways, and act naturally, you may dispense with the dancing-master and the practice of society.

We return to the elements of good manners, and repeat again, "real elegance of demeanour springs from the mind." "Keep your heart with all diligence," and its good feelings and emotions, if naturally expressed, will have the most attractive grace.

As general rules, I would say to you, cultivate self-possession. Avoid imitation;—and avoid equally shyness and forwardness. Modesty of manners, once lost, is irrecoverable. *Be frank*, for frankness is the sign and natural expression of that most noble quality, truth. Cherish benevolence, for it will shine through your manner like light from heaven, gladdening your home, and lighting the paths of those you greet by the wayside.

Youth passes, beauty decays, but good manners are the perennial charm of every period of life—the only external charm that time does not impair.

CHAPTER XVI.

DRESS.

WOMEN have been regarded, in some periods of the world, and still are among many nations, as the mere playthings or slaves of men, not as their friends—not as beings having an individual existence, and who should make all things in this life subservient to their immortal natures. In such states of society, dress is considered either as a mere necessity, or as a gratification of vanity, and a means of rendering a woman's person more attractive to man.

My young friends, you have fallen on better times. Your reason and your conscience must be exercised on your dress.

God has clothed the animals, and adapted their dress precisely to their wants. He has left nothing for their reason to determine, for he did not give them reason. Nothing to the liberty of choice, for they cannot exercise choice. He has clothed the animals of the north in soft furs, and given hair to those of warmer regions. He has

dressed the birds with feathers, and the fish with scales.

Man comes naked into the world. God has given him reason to devise, and the hand, the best of all possible tools, to fashion his covering. How has he applied his reason?—how has he employed this wonderful tool?

Examine the dress of the American savages. Without wheels or looms they rival in expense of labour, and gorgeousness of colouring, the magnificence of European kings. Mr. Catlin, in his splendid exhibition of Indian curiosities, showed robes on which the women had expended the labour of months, sometimes of years. They use vegetable dyes, and the most exquisite materials that nature supplies, soft skins, and brilliant feathers.

Nor is their dress a mere show. It has expression, and conveys a dreadful meaning. Their favourite necklaces are made of bear's-claws, and are the insignia of their victories over these their poor subjects. Every feather is a trophy, a sign of an enemy vanquished, or a battle won. Their robes are painted with outspread hands, emblematical of fallen rivals, and are fringed with hair torn from their scalps. And so savage man applies his reason to his dress!

And how is it with the sovereigns and lordlings of the civilised world? How, think you, their costly jewels have been obtained? One of these jewels represents the labour of years, not one individual's labour, but that of hundreds. Has

this labour been honestly paid for? No, the king's treasury is filled by taxing the labour of the industrious classes, and so, to buy a diamond which sparkles in a queen's necklace, the children of many a subject go without shoes. This, surely, is not applying reason or conscience to dress, and it seems to us not much better than fringing a buffalo-robe with the hair of a slaughtered enemy.

But, my young friends, you cannot put an end to the crimes and follies of monarchs and Indians; and you will probably find quite enough employment for your reason and conscience, in rectifying your own notions, and fixing your principles on the subject of dress.

It would be idle to say to you that dress is a matter of little importance. It is a matter that consumes time, thought, and money, from the cradle to the grave. Yes, literally to the grave; for how much inconvenient expense and degrading begging is encountered by the poor, to get the *new* cap and shroud! This tenacious love of dress is not confined to the poor, but shows itself in various particularities and vanities among the rich. We once knew an appointed funeral of a child deferred by a *mother* till a cap could be procured, plaited in a particular mode!

Can you believe dress is an unimportant matter, when you often hear a person of mature years say to a child of six months, "Don't cry, baby—look what pretty new shoes baby has got!" Or to a child two or three years old,

"Be a good child, and you shall have on your pretty new pink frock!" Or, "If Mary is naughty, she must not wear her new bonnet and blue bows!" Here the earliest associations of the child with dress, with its merest vanities, are as the signs of happiness, and rewards of goodness. Surely they cannot think it unimportant.

From your youth upwards, you are accustomed to hear such remarks as follow: "Did you observe Mrs. M'Lean's dress last Sunday? She must have got it from France—it was something so out of the common way, I could not take my eyes off from her all church time." "I should be so happy if I could get the pattern of Anne Lisle's cape." "I wish Susan would get a new bonnet—I am tired of seeing her old one." "If I were Eliza, I never would go to church again till I had a new cloak." "Do you mean to attend the lectures?" "If I can get my new pelisse made." "I am dying for my new gown, but I am determined not to have it made till I get a pattern of the new-fashioned sleeves." "Sarah wore that everlasting blue dress at the party last evening—I should not think she could enjoy herself, when all the rest of her set had new dresses." "Fanny must detest going into mourning—it is so unbecoming to her!"

I appeal to your experience, my friends, have you not heard similar things said, not once, but a hundred times in your lives? And here you

see the pleasures of society, the advantage of knowledge, the duty of devotion, all are made subordinate to dress. Its vanities involve even the seriousness of mourning.

I have not exaggerated. I might be accused of exaggeration, if I were to tell much of what has fallen under my observation on this subject. A lady once said to me, she "would prefer the reputation of taste in dress to excelling in any accomplishment whatever!" This woman was a wife and mother!

I know a child who burst into tears at the sight of another unfortunate child rigged in French finery, and throwing herself into her mother's arms, exclaimed, "O, I never shall have such a beautiful dress as that!" Poor child! what examples must she have seen in those to whom God had committed the care of unfolding and directing her character.

You cannot believe dress unimportant, while so great a portion of young persons' lives is spent in dressing and preparing dress; remodelling old garments, and embellishing new ones.

Since then dress *is* important, will you not give your minds to the subject, and now, in the beginning of your career, fix certain principles, so that your dress may indicate your education.

First, let us consider the *morals of dress*, never forgetting that the only sure foundation of morals is a sense of responsibility to God.

It is immoral to endanger your health by your mode of dress.

We have, in a previous chapter, given you Dr. Combe's opinion of tight dressing. Do not let the vanity of wearing what your dress-makers will call "a neat fit," induce you to draw your corset-lace tighter than health permits. Do not quiet your consciences by saying, "I do not lace so tight as such a one," or, "my waist is smaller than such a one's, but I wear a larger belt;" "if it does require some strength to hook my frock, it feels perfectly easy when it is on!" This will not do. So long as the tightness of your dress interferes with the freedom of your motions, or the development of your persons *in the slightest degree*, you are not without sin, and you will not escape its punishment. Deformities and diseases come on insensibly. The sickly useless mother pays dearly for the transient beauty of a small waist—the folly of her girlhood.

This folly is, unhappily, not confined to our cities. Many a country girl is infected with it, and her form, beautifully developed by the free exercise of childhood, is imprisoned in a corset, and forced into false proportions.

Health is often endangered by too light a dress. The changeableness of our climate, where the mercury varies from ten to thirty degrees in one day, renders flannel garments essential to continued health. And yet I blush to record it—there are young persons who will not wear a flannel waistcoat—why? because it increases the apparent size of the waist!

If it can be proved to this young person that flannel is important to her health, and if she still resists the obligations of duty, and acts solely with reference to appearance, she errs egregiously in dispensing with the flannel. She may have a small waist, but she loses the healthy complexion, bright eye, and elastic step. Learn to look upon health as a sign of sense and virtue, and it often does truly signify them, and then you will be more anxious to preserve it.

One word as to these small waists. Symmetry is essential to beauty of form. A waist disproportionately small is a deformity to an instructed eye. Women must have received their notions of small waists from ignorant dressmakers. If young ladies could hear the remarks made on these small waists by men generally, and especially men of taste, they would never again show themselves till they had loosened their corset-laces, and enlarged their belts.

Vanity, that "weakest weakness," besets the humble as well as the high. Girls who are much limited in their means, will buy a new gown, or a new bonnet, and gravely tell you they "cannot afford to wear flannel!" Now, if they understood the laws of health, and realised the penalty of violating them, they would (even to the great mortification of their vanity) *make the old gown do*, and buy the flannel. Those who most need flannel are most liable to this error; domestics who get heated over the fire, and are exposed to draughts of air, or to going from a heated apart-

ment to work in a cold one. Flannel next the skin would prevent a too sudden check of perspiration, and save from fits of sickness that cost, in loss of time and doctors' bills, more than a supply of flannel for a lifetime.

Some fashionable young women of our cities walk out in winter with silk, or very fine cotton stockings, and single-soled shoes. That their feet may look pretty and small, they run the risk of consumption! Since they dispense with reason and conscience, would their imaginations but paint Consumption, her framed convulsed with coughing, her blue lips and hectic cheek, and death-stamped brow, luring her silly victims with an *exquisite corset* in one of her pale, skinny hands, and delicate shoes and silk stockings in the other!!

Is the country girl either more rational or more virtuous? Does she venture on the damp or frozen ground, or through the snow, with *prètty shoes* on her feet? There are, we must confess it, cases of such folly; and she who commits it will tell you, she "can't afford to have everything, and she must have one pair of handsome shoes." And India rubbers, one of the most useful inventions of modern times, the cheapest and securest covering for the foot ever devised, are dispensed with, because, forsooth, she "can't have everything!" This reminds us of the man who omitted a roof in building his house, and said in apology, "he could not remember everything." If our country girl were

well principled in the matter of dress, she would buy the India rubbers, and wait till she could afford the "handsome shoes."

You violate the laws of health, and of course are guilty of an immorality, when you wear out an insufficient shawl in cold or damp weather because the old cloak is shabby, when (if you know there is risk in the change) you throw off a high-necked dress to wear a low one at an evening party. There are various other exposures in dress, which your reflection will suggest to you.

Strict delicacy in dress is so obviously one of its moralities, that I hardly need mention it, especially as, among all our respectable women, (with the exception of a few ultra fashionables,) it is as rigidly enforced by public opinion as if it were a law of the land: long may it continue so!

Extravagance is one of the prevailing immoralities of dress. A certain celebrated dictator in England, on this subject, as well as on other externals, being asked how much a gentleman must expend in dress, replied, "that, with *strict economy*, a gentleman might dress for eight hundred a year," about four thousand dollars. It has been happily said of such gentlemen, that they resembled Voltaire's trees. When some one complimented him on their looking flourishing, he replied, "they should—they had nothing else to do."

We have few such *faineants* (do-nothings) in our society. Our men and women must earn

their money; and thus, knowing its value, we hope they will not prodigally spend it in that which perishes in the using. We are not, however, exempt from the folly of extravagance, nor is it confined to the rich fine people of our cities. A countrywoman will throw up her hands and eyes if she hears that some silly mother in town allows her daughter to give sixty dollars for a bonnet, or twenty for a pocket handkerchief, when the fifteen dollars she has just paid for her daughter's silk gown, or the six dollars for a silk hat, are more in proportion to her income than the rich mother's sixty and twenty to hers. She certainly might have expended her money more wisely than in laying it out in embroidery, lace, and feathers; * but she has only taken of her superfluity, while the country mother has vested in the gown and bonnet the only money she had to pay for a good school, to buy a valuable book, to expend in hospitality, or to appropriate to some far-reaching charity.

Extravagance is an expenditure disproportioned to your means. If a woman who has twenty thousand dollars a year, gives fifty dollars for a pocket handkerchief, we call it consummate folly, but not extravagance. If a girl who earns six dollars a month, gives one dollar for a pocket

* When Dr. Franklin was in France, his daughter wrote to him for lace and feathers. He says in reply, "If you wear your ruffles as long as I do, they will be lace; and as to feathers, you can pluck them fine enough from any cock's tail in America."

handkerchief, this is extravagance. It is extravagant for factory-girls to lay out the product of their wearisome labour in fine clothes, artificial flowers, and earrings.

The money thus lavished on these superfluities would, if laid aside against marriage, the early lot of factory-girls, provide necessary furniture, and plenty of house-linen, that inexpressible comfort to a housekeeper.

Bear it in mind, my young friends, that your dress is a sort of index to your character; that a studied and just economy in dress indicates prudence and forethought, a reference to your future wants, and to the claims of others. How much nobler is this than to be a slave to fashion, an imitator of the follies of those richer than yourselves, one of that frivolous class wittily designated as "clothes-people," because mind, body, and estate, are sacrificed to clothes.

Economy is not limited to avoiding extravagance. It will induce you to purchase the most substantial and durable materials for your dress. For example, to buy a straw hat instead of a silk one, a calico instead of a muslin gown, &c. &c. Economy will teach you to mend up an old garment, and *make it do*, instead of buying a new one.

Nothing will aid you so much in the practice of economy in your dress, as expertness with your needle. No American woman, let her speak all the tongues, and play on all the instruments invented, can be said to be *educated*, if

she is not a good needle-woman. With a little pains, you may learn how to make your own gowns. With ingenuity you can turn and refit them. It would not cost you half the trouble and time it does to learn to embroider muslin well; and tell me, which contributes most to a good appearance—a neatly repaired and well-fitted dress, or a worked collar? Which would give you the most favourable impression of the character of the wearer?

You all know how much economy there is in *timely* mending and neat darning. There is a positive pleasure in making old clothes look *almost* as well as new, which those can never know, who cast aside the half-worn garment to replace it with a new one.

You will find your economy much facilitated, if you will decide independently, and according to the dictates of your conscience and best judgment, what is right for yourself, best adapted to your situation and circumstances, instead of getting such a dress, or such a trimming, "because Mary So and So has it," or such a bonnet, "because everybody wears such a bonnet."

I must again recur to the exemplary family of the Bonds. I hope, my young friends, you are superior to certain Athenians, who would exile their countryman because they were tired of hearing him called "the Just." You are not, I trust, tired of hearing of the virtues of Mary Bond. Mr. Bond died in the fall of the year succeeding Raymond's illness. A farm that, with

the productive labour of the proprietor, is ample for the support of a large family, has its product fearfully reduced by the withdrawal of that labour.

In November, a year after Mr. Bond's death, an intimate friend of Mrs. Bond called to see her. She found the thrifty mother busily engaged with her girls, happy little seamstresses, in refitting last winter's garments for the coming season. "You find us very busy," she said, drawing back the work-table, and making a place at the fire for her friend.

"I did not know," she replied, "that the merchants had got their fall goods in yet;" that being the previous circumstance to the winter's outfit of most country families.

"It makes little difference to us now," said Mrs. Bond, "when the merchants bring their goods. Mary, to be sure, has a new dress, but hers goes to Jane, and Jane's to Susan, and Susan's to little Grace. This is the advantage of having a large family," she added, smiling; "it teaches us to make things do."

"But surely," said her friend, "you are not constrained to such economy, now Raymond is through College, and the Ladies' Education Society has offered to pay the half of his expenses at the Theological Seminary."

"Yes, they have kindly offered; but much as my heart is set on seeing Raymond in the pulpit, I would rather give it up than that he should risk the independence of his mind by depending on such a charity."

"Then, surely, he could get funds by teaching."

"Yes, but his health is not adequate to learning and teaching too, and a minister wants a healthy body to secure a healthy and effective mind. Besides, families are bound together to help and support one another. I should be unjust to my daughters if I imposed hardships on them, or abated their means of education, for the sake of Raymond's advancement; but everything they can do by the strictest economy, it is their duty and happiness to do—so you must excuse them if they wear their old cloaks this winter."

"But," said her friend, taking one of the cloaks from Mary's hand, "surely this is new?"

"No, they have been sponged and pressed, and have new bindings and collars. They have been worn very clean, and always hung up and taken care of. Girls like to appear well. This is natural and right. And my girls know they cannot afford to appear well without great neatness and economy."

"Neatness and economy," said the friend, turning to Jane, "couldn't make that pretty silk hood you are quilting."

"I guess it could not have been made without them," said Jane, bringing forward the hood, and showing that it was made of twenty bits of silk that had been husbanded in "mother's piece-basket;" and so neatly were they joined and quilted, that, without a very close inspection, the hood appeared made of an entire piece.

"Has not Mr. Seton," said Mary, showing a beaver cottage-bonnet, "dressed over my old bonnet nicely?"

"Your *old* bonnet!—is it not a new one?" Mary laughed. "Oh, now," said her friend, "I see—the nap is worn off in several places."

"It should be," replied Mary, "for I have worn it four winters already." Nor was the ingenuity of this thrifty family exhausted on the outside. Old flannel garments were handed down, and if too small for the new wearers, were neatly eked out. "Flannel is very expensive," said Mrs. Bond, "and as my girls wear flannel waistcoats and drawers, we dispense with flannel petticoats, and Mary and I together have hit upon an invention that supplies their place. See—we have taken their old thin summer frocks, that they cannot wear again, and with a few pieces of wadding, for an outlay of a dollar and a half, we have made the four girls warm quilts."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Bond's friend, "I wish there was a school to educate girls in such thrift as yours."

"Every home should be such a school," replied Mrs. Bond, "and every mother its teacher. The wise man truly says, 'the poverty of the poor is their destruction,' but it is not poverty in the common sense, but penury of knowledge adapted to their necessities, penury of invention, a total want of the exercise of mind on their affairs."

There were trials arising from Mrs. Bond's

contracted means. The luxury of giving was one of the few luxuries the Bonds had indulged in, and they found it hard to dispense with it; but dispensed with it must be, as it was now incompatible with their limited circumstances. The course of duty does not, more than "the course of true love," always run smooth; but, thanks to a kind Providence in both cases, the still waters are the more delightful for the troubled current that precedes them.

Mrs. Bond had been in the habit of giving the half-worn clothes of her daughters to some motherless little girls, (she was no weak bestower of indiscriminate charities,) and on their new strict system of economy, her girls must wear out their clothes themselves. But industry and ingenuity are the handmaids of charity. Mary and her sisters, by dint of turning, refitting, patching, and darning their *oldest* old clothes, kept up the supplies for their otherwise helpless young friends.

Another difficulty was not quite so easily overcome. Susan, Mrs. Bond's second daughter, was a very pretty girl; so her glass told her, so her young companions told her, and so assured her certain anonymous verses from a young man at the village academy. Susan had a kind and affectionate disposition; but vanity had got the better of it for the time, and the new restrictive system seemed to her very hard.

"At least, mother," she said, "I think we might have new ribbons to our old bonnets; I

am so tired of my old one. All the Wilsons have got new ribbons, and new bonnets, too! There is nothing I detest like old ribbons turned and ironed. I should not mind my old bonnet, if I had a very pretty new ribbon for it."

Susan had run on unanswered so far; but now Mrs. Bond replied. "You know, my child, why we have all agreed to dispense with whatever is unnecessary. Certainly, new ribbons are so; but if you prefer the ribbon to the satisfaction of adhering to our resolution, get one—there is the money;" and she laid the money on the table.

And there it lay, while Susan vibrated between the pleasure of doing what she knew to be right, and the sensation of appearing in a new ribbon the next Sunday at church, when her young admirer, who had been absent during a vacation, would be there. While she hesitated, visions of pretty new ribbons, which she had seen at Mr. Levett's shop, fresh from New York, floated before her, and, I am sorry to say, the ribbon was bought.

As it happened, the academician did not return, but Raymond did; and on Sunday morning, when his sisters were clustering around him, each eager to get an arm to walk to church, "How happens it, girls," he asked, "that you have not new ribbons as well as Susy?"

The girls turned away; Susan blushed, looked down, and wished her bright ribbon at the far-

thest corner of the world. Mary interposed at the right moment.

"Come all," she said; "we have not a moment to lose. The last bell is ringing."

They proceeded. Every turn, every breath of wind, brought Susan's pink ribbon before her eyes—an eyesore it was. Before the sermon was over, she had taken her resolution; and before the week passed away, she struck a bargain with a friend, the new ribbon was disposed of at a trifling loss, the old one replaced and worn the next Sunday; and though the author of the anonymous verses was then really at church, she felt far more than compensated for her sacrifice by a speaking look from her mother, and a kiss from Mary.

We return from our long digression. It is a question of importance, considering the shortness of life, and its multiplied duties, whether it be right to spend much time in fine work, embroidering muslin, &c. &c.

I once saw a young lady employed on a cape, on which she had bestowed weeks, months of labour, till the delicate fabric seemed to be giving way under the weight of embroidery laid upon it. An elderly Quaker lady took it up, and, after examining it, said, "Dost thee think, child, thy muslin is the stronger for all this work?"

"Oh, no, ma'am."

"Why dost thee do it, then?"

"I do it when I have nothing else to do."

"But thee can surely find something else to do; if not for thyself, for a neighbour? Life is very short, my child."

The young woman addressed had a tender conscience. The rebuke was gently spoken; it set my friend to thinking; and she afterwards said the embroidery in question was her last, and that she had never since been at a loss for something far more important to do "for herself or a neighbour."

We do not go quite so far as our Quaker friend. As women are now educated, there are many arguments in favour of fine work. Though one of the least, it may be called one of the fine arts. It is a very convenient employment for a social circle, and it provides a valuable gift to bestow, and a very agreeable one to receive. We could not find it in our heart to subscribe to a sumptuary law that would deprive us of many a token that embodies the taste, the ingenuity, and the kind remembrance of our young friends. But we hope the time is not far distant, when the needle will be restricted to works of utility, when our young women will be instructed in engraving, designing, painting, moulding,* and various other arts, that would be sources of surer

* The late lamented daughter of Louis Philippe is said to have produced, entirely the work of her own hands, one of the best pieces of sculpture of modern times; and it is well known that Mrs. Siddons' favourite employment in the latter part of her life was moulding heads, and that she has left beautiful specimens of her power of execution.

and greater profit, and far higher pleasure, than the needle ever can be.

Adaptation is an essential principle in dress; adaptation not only to your means, but to your wants. Imitation, which befits a race of monkeys rather than thinking men and women, prevails too much in our country. A stranger walking for the first time up Broadway, the great dress-show of our land, might very naturally infer that we stereotyped dress. If mantillas chance to be the fashion, almost every female, without reference to means or wants, will have one. If flowers are worn, as now, on the cap lace, every woman and child, without reference to age or complexion, wears flowers, so that you often see them where something essential to neatness or comfort is missing; and often roses are blooming around faces that the winter of life has long ago marked for its own. This should not be—this surely is not adaptation. This spirit of imitation impels the women of our cities to seize too eagerly Paris fashions, without reference to their being suited to our different climate, or to our different circumstances; and then the country woman copies the town lady, and so the folly goes round.

Avoid this, my young friends. Before you decide on an article of dress, reflect whether it be suited to your means and your circumstances. It is obvious that the same style of dress is not fitted for town life and simple country life; and certainly you need but to open your eyes to see

that the same dress is not fitted for receiving company in the parlour, and doing household labour; for the one a silk dress is proper, for the other some material that will wash. We have been told by travellers, that it was a great pleasure to see the neat dress of the English domestics. Their gowns are nicely fitted and preserved with scrupulous neatness. They all wear caps. This looks well. It saves the hair from dust, and from wandering where it should not go.

Silk dresses are ill adapted to travelling in steamers, rail-cars, and stage-coaches, where they are sure to get spots that cannot be removed. Feathers, artificial flowers, and jewellery of all kinds, are unsuitable for travelling. A plain dress well put on is best adapted to this purpose. We have heard that American ladies are known abroad, where some fine ladies travel in calicos, by their fine travelling dresses. This, we hope, may be reformed altogether.

It is bad taste to dress conspicuously for church —we should rather say bad morals. It is bad taste to dress so any where. A great authority on this subject has said, that a person must be ill-dressed who is stared at in the street. We trust it is superfluous to say this to our modest young friends, who would avoid being stared at in any place. In New York, where there is one great promenade, it has been the custom to dress excessively for the street. Babies are dressed to be paraded there, and young children have their

finest clothes put on for Broadway. This is an early sowing of the seeds of bad taste and false notions. But happily it is one of the peculiarities of our new country, that customs are easily changed. Even in Broadway, some signs of a reform are apparent.

Adaptation, neatness, and simplicity are the prime qualities of dress. Neatness is indispensable. A slattern, old or young, is a nuisance, and ought to be treated as an enemy to civilisation. No fashion, no expense in dress, can hide the want of neatness. Neatness is a surer ornament to the very poor, than jewels to the rich. Neatness is the handmaid of economy. If you will observe, my young friends, looking about among your acquaintances, you will see that the girl who is neat and orderly, can dress better with half the expense than the girl who is disorderly and slovenly.

Simplicity is one of the charms of dress. If you maintain simplicity, you cannot be ridiculous in any country, or in any society. But beware of departing from it, for then you must have taste, fashion, and money, or you will be sure to provoke the sarcasms of those that know more of the world than you do.

It is a good rule to make for yourself, that you will indulge in no mere embellishment of dress whatever, till you have plenty of underclothes in good order.

You have now, my friends, or you will soon have, in some degree, the control of your

expenses for dress; and these, I trust, will be regulated by your consciences. I know young women in our towns, who frequent the best society, and dress fitly and becomingly for one hundred dollars per annum.* And I know several young persons in our New England villages, whose dress is quite an example of the beautiful in simplicity and fitness, whose annual expenditure never exceeds thirty dollars, and sometimes comes within twenty-five! They are, it is true, expert needlewomen, and know how to make their dresses and refit them, and how to make and remodel their bonnets.

I have seen the persons alluded to in the best of our village societies, and at all hours of the day, and have had reason to admire the fitness and becomingness of their apparel.† I have never seen them reduced to the straits of some young ladies who expend four times the money they do on dress, and who are seen flying, like fugitives from justice, to hide from some unexpected visiter a slatternly dress, unprepared

* About twenty pounds sterling.

† There appeared lately, in a publication edited by one of our most popular authors, (but surely not sanctioned by her,) a list for a lady's wardrobe. We are at a loss for what class of persons this provision of apparel is intended—certainly not for a woman of fortune, for she is allowed but *one* corset, and consequently she must lie in bed while that is being washed, or grossly violate our friend Dr. Combe's rules. Eight dresses, their cost averaging, I think, fourteen dollars, are specified, and but six common pocket-handkerchiefs, and one embroidered one at twelve dollars! Here is a sad sacrifice of neatness and convenience to ostentation.

hair, unbrushed teeth, or something else that would have disgraced them.

Next to economy in your dress, my young friends, perhaps before it, is economy of your time in dressing. Surely that which is to be done once or twice every day of your lives should be done with despatch. If you are sufficiently skilled in arithmetic, be kind enough to compute how much time you will save in a year by saving ten minutes each day from your dressing. The result of this computation will, I think, quicken the slow and dawdling among you.

Remember, "minutes are the stuff that life is made of," and oh, my dear girls! remember how short life is.

Do not think I am urging upon you a proscription of beauty and taste in dress. A love of dress is universal, and what is universal, is certainly founded in nature, and it is therefore foolish and bootless to contend against it. Let your perception of beauty, and your refined taste, be manifest in your dress. Avoid all excesses in fashion. When long skirts are in fashion, do not wear the longest, and certainly not the shortest when short ones are in vogue. Do not wear excessively large bonnets when large ones are worn, nor go to the other extreme when the fashionists wear small ones. Do not adopt any fashion, however prevailing, that is in itself absurd, nor wear anything particularly unbecoming to your own person, because it happens to be the last *mode de Paris*. If this error were

avoided, we should not see little people wearing gowns with mammoth figures, nor fat, short people so beflounced as to look but half as high and twice as big as they really are.

A painter has said that a woman would do well to study a bed of tulips to learn the harmony of colours, and certainly nothing conduces more to the beauty of dress than well-chosen and well assorted colours. The effect of the prettiest dress in the world may be spoiled by bringing together ill-suited colours. If you are at a loss, remember your rule, adhere to simplicity, avoid a variety of colours, and particularly those that are glaring.

There is much philosophy in dress—there is a better philosophy in giving it precisely the amount of money, time, and thought that it deserves. Whatever luxury of dress you may be able to indulge in, or whatever you must deny yourselves, may you, my dear young friends, have the apostolic ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and therein you will be more blessed, than in any outward circumstance whatever.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONVERSATION, OR THE USE OF THE TONGUE.

"THE tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things; therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God."

The apostle tells us, my young friends, a startling truth. The power of utterance, that most noble gift which raises us so far above the brute creation, and leaves us but little lower than the angels, is perverted to cruel and base uses.

Consider for a moment what the tongue is capable of—of prayer, the highest office of the soul; of that greatest of all social privileges, interchanging thoughts and feelings; of expressing indeed all knowledge, thought, feeling, desire, and want; of stirring thousands to deeds of valour or beneficence; of soothing a ferocious mob; of opening the flood-gates of hope, and reviving the faded images of memory; of comforting the sorrowing, and giving fresh animation

to the happy—it would be far easier to tell you what it cannot, than what it can do. Truly may the tongue boast great things!

Now, my young friends, consider well the purposes for which this great and wonderful gift of utterance has been given to you. Resolve to dedicate it to its high office. Resolve *religiously* that it shall not be defiled with the vices and follies that so often pollute it. Set all the power of your soul to watch over a faculty capable of such honour, and liable to such dishonour. Form right habits now, based on right principles, which, remember! are the soul of habit.

The measure of your power over your tongue is the test of your self-control, that great distinction of a rational being. "If any man offend not in *word*, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body."

Truth is the first law in the government of your speech. It is to your tongue what the polar star and the magnetic needle are to the mariner; without them his ship had better never leave its port, and without truth your tongue had better rest in eternal silence.

Lying is the vice of slaves. It is the poor and ineffective art by which the weak attempt to protect themselves against the powerful. Truth is scarcely known among the slaves of our Southern States, among the timid natives in the European colonies in the East, and among the oppressed Irish. It is the virtue of free and independent nations, and of courageous indivi-

duals. "Without courage there cannot be truth," says a Persian proverb, "and without truth there cannot be any other virtue." As Americans, you have no excuse for not speaking truth, for nowhere have young people such national and individual freedom. You are not tempted to lie to evade the oppression of national, family, or school government.

But truth must be something more than the mere accident of your condition. If you speak the truth merely because you happen to be born in New York or Massachusetts, your truth is a mere accident, the result of circumstances; and if you chance to be thrown into a society unfavourable to the truth, it will, like other good habits that are not enforced by principle, soon give way.

Your truth, then, like all other reliable moralities, must rest on the sure basis of religion. If you are true because you know and feel that "God is Truth," and that he requires truth of you, you will be true in all circumstances; terror cannot frighten you from the truth, nor temptation persuade you from it.

The highest courage knows but one fear, and that courage may be very easily implanted. Mr. D——, on a gusty day, hung his thermometer outside his door. It was small and light. His young people were standing round. "Now children," said he, "I forbid you all to touch this," and then added, speaking to himself, "I'm

afraid the wind will blow it off, but I'll trust it for half an hour."

Within the half hour little Willie D——, seven years old, who had recently had the construction of a thermometer explained to him, was curious to see how far the mercury had fallen, and fidgeting about the nail, he knocked off the instrument and broke it. He stood for a moment the picture of mortification and perplexity, and then ran into Mr. D——'s office. The boy looked troubled, there were tears in his eyes, and his voice trembled, but there was an air of resolution in his little upright person that struck his father. "Sir," said he, "I have disobeyed you —I have touched your thermometer, and it is broken."

"I am very sorry for it," said his father. "I am displeased with you for disobeying me; but," he added, kindly taking his son's hand, "I am glad you had the courage to tell me of it." The boy could not stand this; he burst into a sort of hysteric laugh, and replied, "I am glad, too, father; I liked not to have told, for some bad thoughts came right up into my mind. I thought, 'father will think the wind blew it down, and nobody saw me touch it,' and I was afraid you would be very angry; but I was *fraider* than all to do wrong, and so I came."

A very little girl, left alone in the schoolroom, meddled with the teacher's knife, and broke it. She told the teacher, who very im-

properly slapped her with the ruler. "Are you not sorry you told her, Fanny?" asked one of her mates. "No, I am not, for it was *rightest* to tell her!"

Such children will command the confidence of their school-mates, and be honoured when they take their places among men and women.

The most frequent departures from truth arise from selfishness. In buying and selling, few persons are so fair that they will not make the truth lean a little to their own side. Two children who have quarrelled, rarely agree precisely in their statements to the parent. Why is it so hard for a teacher to get at the exact truth of a difference among his scholars? Is it not that, in all these cases, selfishness—self-love, is stronger than the principle of truth? A quarrel occurred, not long since, among four school-girls of my acquaintance; Juliet and Maria on the one side, Eliza and Martha on the other. Injuries were committed by one party, and retorted by the other. At last they agreed to refer the affair to a mutual friend. Just as they began to make their statement, Martha was called out. Juliet's and Maria's story varied so much from Eliza's, that the arbiter declared she could not decide the matter, and was about to leave them.

"Oh, stay, pray!" said Juliet, "until Martha comes back, and we'll agree to whatever she says. Will you, too, Maria, agree to Martha's statement?"

"Yes, for I know it will be against herself; but come what will, Martha will tell the truth."

What a noble stability in truth must that young person have had, whose integrity, at the moment their passions were excited, could extort such a tribute from her antagonists! Martha returned. The truth was against her, but she told it without abatement or colouring.

This, my young friends, was the same spirit, in common life and in an every day affair, that attended the martyr to the stake.

There is a species of lying, over which young people throw the veil of generosity, so that its odious features are obscured. Boys are apt to consider the obligations of truth as inferior to a certain arbitrary law which they call "honour." A riot lately occurred in a village in Massachusetts. A boy having been put upon oath, that is, having been sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," was asked if, provided he knew any circumstances involving a comrade, he should disclose them. He replied, decidedly and unblushingly, in the face of the oath first taken, that he should not!

What were this unfortunate boy's notions of the obligation of truth? He might have refused the oath, he might have died rather than have taken it; but surely, once taken, instead of lightly disregarding it, he had better have died than not have abided by it.

Girls are not much exposed to this violation of God's laws; but girls are sisters, they will be

mothers. Let them do what they can to rectify these false notions, and by their example to inspire a devotion to Truth.

Contrast with the conduct of the boy to whom we have alluded, that circumstance in the life of Helen Walker, to which Sir Walter Scott has rendered due honour in his "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Helen Walker was the original of Jeannie Deans. She had an only and motherless sister much younger than herself, to whom she had supplied the care of a mother, and whom she loved with a devoted fondness. This young creature committed a crime for which, by the laws of her country, she must die, unless it could be proved she had told some one of her offence. Her counsel told Helen Walker that if she could declare her sister had given her any intimation on the subject, however slight, that this testimony would save her life. Helen replied, "It is impossible for me to swear a falsehood, and, whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience." And she did so; her poor culprit-sister standing before her, and looking at her with the expectation that life would come from her false word. The sister was condemned, and Helen, afterwards, as you probably all know, by almost incredible pains, obtained the pardon of her sister from Queen Caroline.

Few are called to such great sacrifices for truth's sake; but every day, my dear young friends, there are occasions when you are tempted,

by the hope of gaining some trifling advantage, or avoiding some little disgrace, or appearing a little better than you are, to swerve "*the least bit in the world*" from the truth. Resist the temptation, I pray you. Truth is so sacred, that even the hem of her garment should be looked upon with reverence. If you allow yourself carelessly to handle the garment, you may come to profaning the body.

There is a species of trifling with truth so common, that there seems to be a very imperfect sense of its culpability. I allude to a want of punctuality and exactness in the performance of promises.

I ask Mary to do a message for me. She promises to do it. I find to my disappointment, it may be to my great loss, that it has not been done. I ask her why? "Oh! I forgot it," she replies carelessly, and thinks this excuse sufficient for having broken her word. Alice promises to call for Sarah when she goes to lecture. Sarah waits in vain. Alice does not come, and, when asked why she failed, says, "Oh! I forgot it."*

This easy promising and non-performing leads to very bad habits. When Alice and Mary grow up, if they chance to be mistresses of families, you will hear their neighbours say, "Mrs.

* I know a gentleman who never permits a child or domestic to say in excuse for non-performance, "I forgot it." A promise, in his family, is the serious matter it should be.

So-and-So is a fair-spoken woman, but there is no depending on her;" or if they chance to be milliners or dressmakers, they will be among those of their class who degrade themselves, and torment their employers by broken engagements.

The non-performance of promises is so common among tradespeople, that they often come to that worst state, callousness to its culpability. I once heard a shoemaker, a proprietor of one of the largest establishments in New York, reply to a lady who reproached him with having again and again failed in his promises, "Did not you know they were *shoemaker's* promises?"

Exaggeration is so common and tempting a departure from truth, and will, if long indulged in, lead so far from it, that you cannot guard too carefully against this error. It seems to begin in a very harmless way, when a little girl says, "Oh! mother, uncle has bushels and bushels of strawberries in his garden," when he has two moderate-sized beds in full bearing,—or "Oh! mother, the clouds are as black as ink," when they are only darkish,—or, "Mary is the crossest, hatefullest girl in the world!" when Mary has been but two or three times out of humour, —or "Mother, Anne and I were coming through Mr. Peters' orchard, and we just picked up two or three apples, and Mr. Peters came along, and scolded us like fury; and Anne was scared almost to death!" when the facts were, that Anne and the little exaggerator had filled their

pockets with apples, that Mr. Peters gave them a well-deserved and not violent reproof, and that Miss Anne was a little fluttered by it.

This little girl has done some injustice, but no great harm, by her exaggerations; but if she long indulges in them, she will so obscure her own perceptions of truth, and will be so extravagant in her descriptions, and so inaccurate in her relations, that no reliance whatever can be placed on her.

Girls who are very fond of fun, and girls who are very imaginative, are apt to acquire very bad habits of conversation. The lover of fun likes to tell a laughable story, and she will throw in or exaggerate a ridiculous saying or doing, to make the laugh the louder. And thus, for fear of marring the tale, she mars the truth. Let me whisper in her ear, though to the mortification of her vanity, that a resort to such artifices betrays a want of power, instead of showing an excess of it. Truth gives the keenest edge to wit.

The imaginative girl loves strong colouring; she always uses superlatives. Dark, with her, is black, and hundreds she multiplies to thousands. Of grown-up persons who have this fault in conversation we say, "they embroider." Such embroidery makes the fabric it is put upon very rotten.

If you would be one of those of whom it is said, "it must be true, for *she* told it to me," "you may rely upon it, for *she* said it," avoid

exaggeration, blundering, and inaccuracy. They raise a sort of mist that obscures the boundary line of truth and falsehood, which should always be as clear as light can make it.

There is a very common and insidious kind of falsehood, of which I beg you to beware. It seeks to counterfeit modesty and humility, those precious jewels of the soul. Emily says, "I wish I was half as neat as Anne," when she expects to be told in reply she is neater, and would be very much offended if any one were to say she was not. Or she says at school, "I can't bear to read my composition, it is so stupid;" when she has a secret consciousness it is uncommonly good, and probably expects it will produce quite a sensation in the school. This is vanity wearing the mask of humility. But masks are masks. Cast aside all seemings, my dear young friends, and have the christian courage to appear no better than you are. This is Truth and Simplicity.

Candour is the handmaid of Truth. Do not shrink from confessing you have been in error in your opinions or judgments In your little home disputes, do not take unfair advantages, or misstate, or in any way pervert, what your opponent says. I do not know that anything contributes more to the harmony of a domestic circle than candour.

Opposed to this is a love of contrariety, a habit of denying whatever is affirmed, of differing on every point of opinion and taste. Such

persons often flatter themselves that they are zealous for truth, but they must remember truth cannot be always on the negative side. They resemble mercenary soldiers, armed and equipped, and ready to do battle against any side, right or wrong.

False excuses are a species of lying (and very mean lying too) common, I am sorry to say it, to all ages. The habit, if indulged, grows imperceptibly. Resist it at the outset, my young friends, and you will soon feel for it the contempt it deserves. It will be impossible for you to say, as some children do, when asked why such a lesson has not been got, "Somebody took away my book," when the book has never been looked for. Or, "I did not exactly know where the lesson began," when the excuse-maker had only to ask; or, "I had so little light I couldn't study," when she knew there were plenty of lamps to be had in the next room.

"Oh! Rachel," exclaims a lady to her child, "how did you get that oil on your frock?" "I couldn't possibly help it, Sally fills the lamps so full." The next moment another child appears, who has met with a similar disaster, and a like inquiry is made. She replies, "I did it very carelessly, for I tipped the lamp when I knew it was full." You despise the false excuse, and you honour the candour of the truth-teller. When you are required to get a lesson, or to perform some service, do not say, "I *can't* do it," till you have made a faithful effort.

Frankness is allied to candour. If you will be frank, open-hearted, you will have no temptation to those artifices, evasions, colourings, and insincerities that lead to lying, and in fact are lies.

It would take a volume to note the passions, and the defects of mind and education, by which truth suffers. Nothing is so important to the conduct of life as truth, and nothing so difficult to obtain unadulterated. The sources of history are poisoned by a want of truth. Mr. Prescott, after describing a celebrated tournay, says that "its causes and details are told in as many different ways as there are narrators, and this, notwithstanding it was fought in the presence of a cloud of witnesses, who had nothing to do but to look on and note what passed before their eyes; so much for history!"

If you want any proof, my young friends, of the general, wilful, and wicked perversion of truth, and of the prevailing carelessness in relation to it, attend a complicated trial in a court of justice; see the judges perplexed, and the jury confounded, and the time and money of the public consumed, by contradictory and varying testimony. Think you this would have been so, if the witnesses had in their youth been suitably impressed with the sacredness of truth? if they had educated themselves in habits of careful observation, and exact relation?

Truth should be the first moral lesson. Among the ancients, those were held as the vilest of-

fenders who dishonoured their household deities. Among christian moderns, none but the most depraved will outrage those virtues which they were taught, in the sacred homes of their childhood, habitually to reverence.

CALUMNY, DETRACTION, EVIL REPORTS.

THERE are particular vices of the tongue, to which you, my dear young friends, as belonging to womankind, are supposed to be peculiarly liable; whether you are or not, I beg you to cherish a detestation of them.

For every idle word, the Scripture says, we must give account. The word *idle*, we are told by the learned, should be translated *pernicious*. Calumny, detraction, evil reports, and gossipping, are the *pernicious words* most prevalent in society. Calumnies are the most rare. They are groundless accusations originating in malice, and maliciously circulated. Calumnies are murder in the first degree. They presuppose a degree of depravity so rare in a young mind that no admonition of ours could cure it, and therefore we leave it untouched. You must bear it in mind, that the tongue is but the medium of the bad passions of the heart. Hence David's prayer, "set thou a watch before my mouth—keep the door of my lips."

Next to calumny is, we think, detraction. This, also, is too deep a sin to be common with young people. But be on your guard, my young friends; you have the seeds of it, if you indulge pride, vanity, and envy. Check in the beginning a disposition to disparage the conduct or the motives of others. If you think they are not as they seem, do not give utterance to the thought. Honestly hope that you will have reason to change it, and then you will not wish to express it.*

Sharp-sighted, what are called quick-witted, people, are very apt to take a pride in spying defects that are not obvious to common observers. Such keenness as this may sharpen the wit, but it hardens the heart, and prevents the growth of that sweet grace, humility. Keep as sharp a look-out as you please for good qualities, good deeds, and kind words; and be not like those who would seem to prefer looking at the spots on the sun, to enjoying its light.

Those people who value themselves on their sharp-sightedness, are always on the look-out lest they should be duped, or, as they express it, "taken in." Better is it, my dear girls, to be a dupe through life, than to be suspicious and distrustful of your fellow-beings. The credulity

* I know a person who, to cure herself of a habit of expressing too freely her prejudices and unfavourable opinions, made it a rule, when those were spoken of whom she disliked, to tell some good she had heard of them. She effectually cured her fault.

which has faith in goodness, is a sign of goodness.

Helen Prime is an example of a spirit of detraction very early ripened. I never knew her confess a particular fault of her own, but she acts as if she were a public proclaimer, a town-crier of the faults of her acquaintance.

If she hears Mr. So-and-So, a person of acknowledged benevolence, praised, she says, "He is benevolent, to be sure, but I guess his left hand knows all his right hand does. Can any one tell me of his *secret* benevolences?"

"Maria Hall," Helen Prime says, "*seems* all goodness, but for my part I would rather people would seem what they are. I detest fruit with a fair outside and a hollow heart."

"Lizzy Price," Helen says, "is devoted to her old, disagreeable uncle—old, disagreeable, and *rich*."

"Yes," says Helen, "Eliza Ray has very good manners in company. I have heard that some man said 'he could die like a hero, if there were people enough to look at him.'"

Helen fancies that what is unanswered, is proved. It is difficult to specify Mr. So-and-So's secret benefactions. Maria Hall's goodness is apparent to every one, but it is not easy to disprove the assertion that she is hollow-hearted. Lizzy Price's uncle is undeniably rich, but no one but Helen Prime ever ventured to say, or, I believe, ever thought, she was the more devoted to him on that account.

Is Helen Prime, when she is thus harbouring and expressing evil thoughts, aware that she is violating one of the great commandments, bearing "false witness," and that for these *pernicious words* she must give account?

If you would avoid Helen's cruel fault, keep the fountain pure, my young friends; 'think no evil.' Nothing enlarges the heart more than a generous faith in others. It has been well said, that "faith in man is next to faith in God."

Eagerly or even thoughtlessly circulating evil reports is a great abuse of the tongue. When a disgrace befals a family, it is sad to see with what rapidity the report will fly through the circle of their acquaintance, of their *friends;* how strangers who never heard their names before, are now informed of every particular of their history; how their dishonour is dwelt upon with exaggerated, if not added, circumstances!

My young friends, I trust you have as yet had little experience of this vice of human nature, and that you will be slow to believe that beings of the same family—for are we not brothers and sisters?—are so hard, so cold, so incapable of sympathy. Learn to put yourself in the place of another; this is true sympathy; and then, when a calamity befals your neighbour, if you cannot lighten it, instead of heaping fagots on the fire in which he is scorching, you will, in the retirement of your chamber, breathe a prayer for him. This is an office of love, and remember 'love is the fulfilling of the law.'

A melancholy instance of the cruelty of the circulation of evil reports occurred, a few years since, in the city of New York.

A young man, whom I shall call William Murphy, the son of a wealthy, conspicuous, and old inhabitant of the city, contracted an intimacy with a person of captivating manners and depraved morals. William, young, inexperienced, and unsuspicious, was flattered by the attentions of this man, and was betrayed by him into many follies and sins. His father was immersed in business, his only sister was constantly in the gay world, attended by her mother, and none of William's family suspected the dangers into which he was led, nor did he know the amount of them till his bad intimate—friend I will not call him—was detected in cheating at a gaming-table, and in forging a note, and was obliged to fly from the city.

William Murphy had been tempted by this man to the gaming-table; he had suffered heavy losses there, and been led into other wrong doings. The knowledge of all this came like a thunderbolt upon his family. They were overwhelmed with mortification and grief. William shut himself up in his room. The Murphys were distinguished people: nothing was talked of in the city so much as the disgrace of William Murphy. Everything he had done, and much worse acts which he had never done, were told and retold, and every idle word brought to the Murphys by people calling themselves "parti-

cular friends." Mr. Somebody heard Mr. Somebody else, who was very intimate with the Murphys, say that he should wonder if William had not something to do with the forgery! The next person through whose hands the report passed, said, "William had something to do with it," and the next edition of the story was, that William had actually received the money got by the forgery, and paid his gaming-debts with it!

Oh! could the persons who thus talked over the calamities and disgrace of the son of their friend, as they would have discussed common news, have looked into the home of the wretched Murphys! Could they have seen the father pacing up and down his spacious apartments, his heart filled with grief and disappointment at the disgrace of his only son—could they have seen the mother rise from her sleepless pillow with a sunken eye and fluttering heart—could they have seen the domestics removing again and again the untouched dishes from tables uselessly spread—and, above all, could they have followed the sister to the room of that poor young man, and seen him the picture of remorse and misery, while she hung over him, trying in vain to convince him that his faults were not irretrievable—that the storm would pass over, and his father would again look upon him with kindness;—think you, if they had seen all this, (and with the eye of true sympathy they might have seen it,) they could, by multiplying and aggravating evil reports, have multiplied and sharp-

ened the arrows that were piercing the bosoms of this unhappy family? Had they, by a generous effort of imagination, for one moment put themselves in the Murphys' places, had they imitated Him, who, without sin, was touched with a feeling of our infirmities, they would have been silent, or uttered only words of kindness. But alas! alas! they carelessly cast the stones which were to inflict death!

One of the two or three *friends* who had brought in the flying reports, called at Mr. Murphy's the second evening after the disclosure, and told him, as received facts, the rumours about the forgery. The moment the visiter left the house, Mr. Murphy went, for the first time, to William's apartment, repeated what he had just heard, and demanded, in a voice almost suffocated with emotion, a confession of the whole truth.

The poor young man had fasted for forty-eight hours. He was weak and confused. The sight of his father, the anguish in his disordered countenance, and the anger flashing from his eye, deprived him of all use of his mind. He made no attempt to explain the circumstances alleged against him. Easy as it was, he did not see how he could extricate himself from suspicion. His faculties were suspended. He merely feebly asserted his innocence. This was afterwards proved beyond all question, and many circumstances came to light that alleviated the sins he had committed; but, alas! too late for

this *victim of evil reports.* The morning after his interview with his father, he was found dead on his bed. An empty laudanum-phial was by his pillow. Truly "there is life and death in the tongue." I trust, my young friends, this story may awaken your attention to the subject of evil reports. It may be rare that such fatal injury is inflicted, as in the instance I have related; but if they do no other harm, they certainly harm your own souls.

I will finish this chapter, by recommending to you the example of one of whom it may be truly said, "She opens her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness." I was on a visit in her family, when some allusion was made to a story that had been told me of one of the neighbour's scandalous treatment of his wife. "I am sorry you have told me that story," said the mother, looking round upon her children; "you would not have told it, if it had been of one of your brothers—*neighbourhoods should be just like families.*"

GOSSIPING.

THE most prevailing fault of conversation in our country, and I believe in all social communities, is *gossiping.* As weeds most infect the richest soils, so gossiping most abounds amidst the social virtues in small towns, where there

is the most extended mutual acquaintance, where persons live in the closest relations, resembling a large family circle. To disturb the sweet uses of these little communities by gossiping, is surely to forfeit the benefit of one of the kindest arrangements of Providence.

In great and busy cities, where people live in total ignorance of their neighbours,—where they cannot know how they live, and hardly know when they die, there is no neighbourhood, and there is no gossiping. But need there be this poisonous weed among the flowers—this blight upon the fruit, my young friends?

You may understand better precisely what comes under the head of gossiping, if I give you some examples of it.

In a certain small thickly-settled town there lives a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister. He has a little shop, it may be jeweller's, saddler's, shoemaker's, or what we call a store—no matter which, since he earns enough to live most comfortably with the help of his wife and sister, who are noted for their industry and economy. One would think they had nothing to do but enjoy their own comforts, and aid and pity those less favoured than themselves. But, instead of this, they volunteer to supervise all the sins, follies, and shortcomings of their neighbours. The husband is not a silent partner. He does his full share of the low work of this gossiping trio. Go to see them when you will, you may hear the last news of every

family within half a mile. For example, as follows:—"Mr. —— gave 150 dollars for his new wagon, and he had no need of a new one; the old one has not run more than two years."

"Mrs. —— has got a new hired help; but she won't stay long; it's come and go there."

"Mrs. —— had another new gown at meeting yesterday, which makes the fifth in less than a year, and every one of her girls had new ribands on their bonnets; it is a good thing to have rich friends; but, for my part, I had rather wear my old ribands."

"There go Sam Bliss' people with a barrel of flour; it was but yesterday she was at the Judge's, begging."

"None of the widow Day's girls were at meeting; but they can walk out as soon as the sun is down."

This is but a specimen of the talk of these unfortunate people, who seem to have turned their home into a common sewer, through which all the sins and foibles of the neighbourhood run. Have they minds and hearts? Yes; but their minds have run to waste, and there is some taint, I fear, at their hearts.

The noted gossip, Miss ——, makes a visit in a town, where she has been previously a stranger. She divides her time among several families. She is social, and, what we think is miscalled, agreeable; for she is perpetually talking of persons and things. She wins a too easy confidence, and she returns home with an infinite

store of family anecdotes. She *knows* that Mr. and Mrs. So and So, who are supposed to live happily, are really on bad terms, and that he broke the hearts of two other women before he married his wife; she knows the particulars, but she has promised not to tell. She has found out that a certain family, who for ten years have been supposed to live very harmoniously with a stepmother, are really eminently wretched. She has heard that Mr. ——, who apparently is in flourishing circumstances, has been on the brink of bankruptcy for the last ten years. She has been told that "it is very dangerous to marry into a certain family; for, root and branch, they are infected with scrofula," &c. &c. Could this woman find nothing in visiting a new scene to excite her mind but such trumpery? We have given you this example to show you that the sin of gossiping pervades some communities. This woman did not create these stories. She heard them all, the individuals who told them to her little thinking that they, in turn, would become the subjects of the very persons whose affairs they were communicating.

What should we think of persons who went about collecting for exhibition samples of the warts, wens, and cancers with which their fellow beings were afflicted? And yet would not their employment be more honourable, more humane at least, than this gossip-monger's?

We have heard such talk as follows between ladies, wives, and *mothers*, the wives of educated

men, and persons who were called educated women.

"Have you heard that Emma Ellis is going to Washington?" "To Washington! how on earth can the Ellises afford a winter in Washington?" "Oh! you know they are not particular about their debts, and they have six girls to dispose of, and find rather a dull market here."

"Have you heard the Newtons are going to the country to live?" "Bless me! no, what's that for?" "They say to educate their children; but my dressmaker, Sally Smith, who works for Mrs. Newton, says she is worn out with dinner parties. He runs the house down with company."

"O! I suspect they are obliged to go to economise. You know she dresses her children so extravagantly. I saw Mary Newton at the theatre (she is not older than my Grace) with a diamond ferronnière."

"Diamond, was it? Julia told me it was an aqua-marine. The extravagance of some people is shocking! I don't wonder the men are out of patience. Don't tell it again, because Ned Miller told me in confidence. He actually has locked up all his wife's worked pocket-handkerchiefs. Well, whatever else my husband complains of, he can't find fault with my extravagance."

Perhaps not; but faults far more heinous than extravagance this poor woman had to account

for—the *pernicious words* for which we must be brought into judgment.

I hope it may appear incredible to you, my young friends, that women, half way through this short life, with the knowledge of their immortal destiny, with a world without them and a world within to explore and make acquaintance with, with the delightful interests and solemn responsibilities of parents upon them, should so dishonour God's good gift of the tongue, should so waste their time, and poison social life. But be on your guard. If your minds are not employed on higher objects, and your hearts set on better things, you will talk idly about your friends and acquaintance.

The habit of gossiping begins in youth. I once attended a society of young persons, from thirteen to seventeen years of age, who met for benevolent purposes.

"Is this reading or talking afternoon?" asked one of the girls.

"Reading," replied the president; "and I have brought Percy's Reliques of English Poetry to read to you."

"Is not that light reading?" asked Julia Ivers. "These are old ballads and songs."

"Yes, I suppose it would be called light reading."

"Then I vote against it; mother don't approve of light reading."

Julia, who had the lightest of all minds, and

the most voluble of tongues, preferred talking to any reading, and without loss of time she began to a knot of girls, who too much resembled her.

"Did you notice Matilda Smith last Sunday?"

"Yes, indeed; she had on a new silk dress."

"That is the very thing I wanted to find out, whether you were taken in with it. It was nothing but her old sky-blue dyed!"

"Can that be? why, she has worn it ever since she was thirteen. I wonder I did not see the prints of the tacks."

"I did," interposed another of the young Committee of Investigation. "I took a good look at it as she stood in the door. She couldn't deceive me with Aunt Sally's wedding sky-blue dyed black."

"I don't think Matilda would care whether you were deceived or not," said little Mary Morris, the youngest member of the society, colouring up to her eyes.

"O! I forgot, Mary," said Julia Ivers, "that Matilda was your cousin."

"It is not because she is my cousin," replied Mary.

"Well, what is it then?"

Mary's tears dropped on her work; but she made no other reply. She had too much delicacy to proclaim her cousin's private good deeds; and she did not tell how Matilda, having had a small sum of money, which was to have been in-

vested in a new silk gown, gave it instead to her kind 'Aunt Sally,' who was sinking under a long indisposition, which her physician said 'might be removed by a journey.' It was—and we believe Matilda little cared how much these girls gossiped about her dyed frock.

Julia Ivers turned the conversation by saying, "Don't you think it strange that Mrs. Sandford lets Maria ride out with Walter Isbel?"

"Yes, indeed; and, what is worse yet, accept presents from him."

"Why! does she?" exclaimed Julia, staring open her eyes, and taken quite aback by another person knowing a bit of gossip which had not yet reached her ears."

"Yes, she does; he brought her three elegant plants from New York, and she wears a ring which he must have given her; for you know the Sanfords could not afford to buy such things; and besides, they never do."

I have given but a specimen. Various characters and circumstances were discussed, till the young gossips were interrupted by a proposition from the president, that the name of the society should be changed; "for," as she said, "the little charities they did with their needles, were a poor offset against the uncharitableness of their tongues."

I have known candid and kind-hearted young persons cured of gossiping by a single experience of its folly and evil tendency. A young friend of mine related to me an anecdote of her-

self, which I shall repeat, merely changing the names.

A Mr. Foster was engaged to be married to a Miss Hoffman in a certain village. Mr. Foster, while paying an evening visit at Mrs. Frankfort's, (the mother of my friend Susan,) made a sarcastic remark, which both mother and daughter understood him to apply to his affianced bride, Miss Hoffman. Neither of them had liked him before, and now they were shocked and indignant. The next evening Susan passed alone with her friend Maria Huntly, and told her, probably with no abatement of the force of the expression, (for her spirit was roused against the 'false knight,' as she deemed him,) the remarks that had fallen from Mr. Foster about Miss Hoffman.

Maria Huntly repeated the story next day to her friend, Anne Alcott; and Anne Alcott, a righter of wrongs, went immediately with the tale to Miss Hoffman, who, mortified and wounded to the heart, dismissed her lover, without assigning any reason. He very wisely insisted on an explanation. The story was traced back to the Frankforts, and, on a revision of the unlucky conversation with Mr. Foster, they were convinced they had mistaken him; "and I," said my friend Susan, when she had finished the story to me, "was cured for ever of gossiping."

This was a case of *mere gossiping*. There was no malice, no exaggeration, and the consequence was near being the separation of two

persons attached and engaged, and, it may be, a broken heart.

There is a species of gossiping aggravated by treachery; but, bad as this is, it is sometimes committed more from thoughtlessness than malice. A girl is invited to pass a day, a week, or a month it may be, in a family. Admitted to such an intimacy, she may see and hear much that the family would not wish to have reported. Circumstances often occur, and remarks are made, from which no harm would come if they were published to the world, provided what went before and came after could likewise be known; but, taken out of their connexion, they make a false impression. It is by relating disjointed circumstances, and repeating fragments of conversations, that so much mischief is done by those admitted into the bosom of a family.

You know that, with the Arabs, partaking salt is a pledge of fidelity, because the salt is a symbol of hospitality. Show a sacred gratitude for hospitality by never making any disparaging remarks, or idle communications about those into whose families you are received. I know persons who will say, unblushingly, "I am sure that Mr. So and So is not kind to his wife. I saw enough to convince me of it when I staid there." "Mrs. S. is very mean in her family." "How do you know that?" "I am sure I ought to know, for I staid a month in her house." "If you wish to be convinced that Mrs. L. has no government over her children, go and stay there a

week, as I did." "The B.s and their stepmother try to live happily together; but if you were in their family as much as I am, you would see there is no love lost between them."

Now you perceive, my young friends, that the very reason which should have sealed this gossip's lips, she adduces as the ground of your faith in her evil report!

I said this species of treacherous gossiping was often thoughtlessly committed. As a case in point, I give you an anecdote of my young friend, Alice May. Alice is an orphan, and has lived the greater part of her short life of fourteen years in an uncle's family, where there is not a very strict attention to the morals of education. She is lively and talkative, but has not a particle of malice in her disposition She hears everything that is said, and repeats freely what she hears. She was passing a week with Mrs. Rockwell, a friend of her mother. Mr. Rockwell, who was most exact in all social duties, asked his wife one day, "Why she was not more attentive to Mrs. Morton?"

"I have had her here to tea," replied his wife.

"What is that, my dear? the poor woman is living all alone at the inn—a most forlorn situation."

"Well, my dear husband, I will invite her if you will entertain her; she is so silent, she exhausts me. I had as lief talk to a statue."

"You must visit people for other reasons than

because they are agreeable. There are the Alsops; you have never even called to see them."

"Why should I? I never heard till last week there were such people in town."

"They have been here for six months, and not a creature, as far as I can learn, has ever called to see them. There is really a want of common humanity in this."

"I do not think so," replied Mrs. Rockwell; "at this time of day people should know enough not to go among total strangers from whom they wish to expect attentions, without a letter of introduction to somebody; for aught we know, the Alsops were drummed out of the town they came from." Without meaning any disrespect to the Alsops, (who, Mrs. Rockwell had casually heard, were exceedingly respectable people,) she, to justify herself from her husband's charge, was not content to assign a very sufficient reason for not having visited them, but had added a remark which, if broken off from the rest of the conversation, and repeated, might do them mischief, and herself discredit. And repeated it was. Alice May returned home, and the next week, her aunt being about to give a village tea-party, was going through, with a female friend, the usual deliberations of who was to be invited, and who not. Alice was all ear, and her tongue always ready to interpose its word. The lodger at the inn, Mrs. Morton, was mentioned.

"Mrs. Rockwell," interposed Alice, "says she

had as lief talk to a statue." The Alsops came in turn. "Mrs Rockwell," resumed Alice, "says that, for aught any body here knows, they were drummed out of the town they came from." Alice's aunt laughed, and forgot at the next instant what Alice had said. Not so her friend. She was a gossip. She so diligently circulated Mrs. Rockwell's remarks, that they soon reached the ears of Mrs. Morton and the Alsops with sundry exaggerations, making them the enemies of the Rockwells, and finally came back to them, after they had quite forgotten that anything of the kind had been said in their house.

"Mother," said Mary Rockwell, "you did say something of the kind when Alice May was here."

"Mary is right," said Mr. Rockwell, "I remember, now, you did. Alice must have told it, the mischievous little hussy!"

"O! father," said good-natured little Mary, "Alice is not mischievous; I don't believe she *thought*."

"Mary has hit it," said her mother; "young people make mischief in this way merely from want of thought."

"Well, at any rate," said Mr. Rockwell, "we'll keep clear of the little tattler in future."

"O father!" exclaimed Mary."

"And why, 'O father,' Mary?"

"Mary thinks," interposed Mrs. Rockwell, "you are punishing too severely a fault in which

there was no wrong intention. If you do not object to it, we will invite Alice to pass another week with us, and I will try to cure her of the too free use of her tongue."

Mr. Rockwell made no reply. "Her mother was my dear friend," urged Mrs. Rockwell.

"And I want Alice to be my dear friend," urged Mary.

"Well, well, do as you like; you are both obstinate," said Mr. Rockwell, and added, kissing his little girl, "when you are set on doing good."

Alice was invited, and came most readily, for the Rockwell's is one of the happiest of homes, and of course one of the pleasantest of visiting places. She was astonished; and deeply mortified at the mischief she had done, and so touched at Mrs. Rockwell's maternal kindness in trying to cure her fault, instead of resenting it, that at the close of her friend's admonition to her, she said, while the tears streamed from her eyes, "I am sure, Mrs Rockwell, you will cure me!"

"No, my dear Alice," replied Mrs. Rockwell. "I only make you thoroughly acquainted with your disease; you must cure yourself. You know what the Bible tells you, 'work out your own salvation.' It is only by our own repeated and continued efforts that we can get rid of our faults."

Alice began to work at her cure in earnest.

Five years have now elapsed, and though it must be confessed she is a generous talker, no one uses her tongue with a more innocent vivacity.

I have dwelt long on this topic of gossiping, my young friends, because, as I said before, I believe it to be a prevailing fault in our young and social country. The only sure mode of extirpating it is by the cultivation of your minds and the purification of your hearts.

All kinds and degrees of gossiping are as distasteful to an elevated character, as gross and unwholesome food is to a well-trained appetite.

FLATTERY, PRAISE, ETC.

Is not flattery a too general abuse of the tongue? Dr. Johnson says, that "to flatter is to gain favour by pleasing falsities." The flatterer, who thus combines lying and selfishness, is, I trust, rare. To flatter in this manner, one must have been hardened in the ways of the world, and have made policy the rule of life. Your hearts are not yet so depraved, my young friends. But there are other species of flatterers. Some express extravagantly their real feelings. Some, of generous and impulsive natures, are for ever bubbling up with admiration, which overflows upon whoever chances to be next them. Some flatter, merely to be flattered in

return. This is very common with vain persons. They seem, by a singular sort of delusion, to fancy that though they hold up to the mirror but a phantom, the reflection is a reality. There are those, whom we should call benevolent flatterers, if it were not a sad misapplication of benevolence; persons who flatter merely to excite pleasurable sensations.

The most common subject of flattery, among young persons, is that which is precisely least worthy of extreme admiration, personal beauty. Girls fall into raptures of admiration over the eyes, complexion, hair, teeth, hands, feet, and "form divine," of their young favourites. This may be perfectly sincere; but it not only injures, sometimes fatally, the possessor of an accidental and perishing gift—it injures the mind that overestimates it.

Flattery is by no means confined to the person—it is addressed to all the qualities of mind and heart. "But," you will ask, "are we never to express an honest and well-grounded admiration? Are not our tongues the natural channels of our affections? We cannot help expressing them?

No, my dear young friends, and I think you ought not to help it. God has planted within us a love of approbation, and a craving for the expression of affection. It is difficult for me to describe to you the difference between flattery and praise; you all feel it. Praise is addressed to a just self-estimate; flattery to self-conceit,

to an over-estimate of our beauty, our faculties, our virtues, or our actions. Praise is the healthy food; flattery the food that pampers and sickens. The healthy character thrives and expands on well-earned and strictly measured praise, as the plant on the dews of heaven, and it shrinks from flattery as if it were a poisonous distillation.

You need no advice as to the expression of your affection. Nature is here the best teacher. Love will out, and none can hinder it. The tongue will express it, and the actions will express it more emphatically than the tongue. Bear it always in mind, that action is the most satisfactory expression; and take care to keep the expression of the tongue *within* the measure of the feelings.

If all kinds of lying, every species of gossiping, and every mode of flattery, were banished from conversation, some societies would seem suddenly to have joined the order of La Trappe, and made a vow of perpetual silence. But need it to be so, my young friends? Is not the world full of knowledge to be communicated?

You need not talk pedantically about books, for, in this age of reading, scarcely a day passes that you do not take up a book, a journal, or a newspaper, in which you find something to enrich your conversation, something that it will give others pleasure to know. A walk will give you pleasant topics; a journey, if you have keep your ears and eyes open, abundant and profitable ones.

Half a dozen persons coming together, of different degrees of information, different pursuits, interests, and feelings, may always, by the judicious use of their tongues, reciprocally instruct and improve one another.

Suppose, for example, a great statesman, Mr. Webster, perhaps an humble fisherman, and a philanthropist, to take refuge in an inn from a hail-storm. After they have got through with the innocent topic of the weather, the fisherman relates some of his experience on his own element, tells it in his homely and technical phrases, and you will see the statesman and the philanthropist all attention and delight. The philanthropist, next, without any ostentation of his own benevolence, turns the subject to the state of the prisons, and the eye of the weather-beaten fisherman glistens, and the heart of the statesman warms, as they hear of the improvement in the discipline of the prisons, and the possible improvement of their tenants, those hitherto hopeless outcasts from the human family. By this time it is the statesman's turn to speak, and his companions, having now made acquaintance with him, and found out that this great man has like passions and feelings with themselves, fearlessly make inquiries of him about the important affairs with which he is conversant; some disputed article of the constitution, perhaps, with which he is known to be as familiar as with 'household words,' and he gives them information, that, but for the lucky

chance of this meeting, they never would have obtained.

When they part, the statesman and the philanthropist feel themselves enriched by the knowledge of the fisherman's life, and certainly their hearts are enriched by a new feeling of sympathy with him. The fisherman, many a time afterwards, in his solitary little boat on the ocean, thinks of the prisoner condemned by crime to solitary confinement, and thanks God for the bread he earns by honest hardships. And the statesman, perchance, may have received a new incitement, in that accidental conversation, to devote his talents in the hall of legislation to more generous purposes than party bickerings.

But, my young friends, I may give you an example better adapted to your own condition. Not long since, I was in a family where there were several girls residing for their education. A certain hour in the day was spent in the open air. Julia came in, all eagerness, and, addressing one of the school-girls, said: "O! Mary, don't you think Cornelia Wetmore has got a mantilla trimmed all round with lace! I don't believe it's real, but I couldn't get a fair look at it, for Sarah Dalton was walking one side of her, and Jane Colton the other. Jane had on a shawl, just to show off her new mousseline, I know, for she looked half frozen, and Sarah had on a blue cloak, and a cherry ribbon on her bonnet, and yellow cap-strings!" A knot of girls gathered about Julia, and they chattered like so

many chimney-swallows about mantillas, *real* lace, mousselines, yellow cap-strings, &c.

Again the door opened, and Bessie and Lucy entered glowing with exercise. They had been scrambling through a wood, still leafless, for it was early in April, and their hands were full of most fragrant and beautiful wild flowers, which Bessie had found just peeping from under the melting snow. Bessie, by inquiries and investigations, ascertained, what she before suspected, that they were that flower, the sweetest of all our spring-blossoms, the trailing arbutus. She felt, and she had a right to feel, all the pride and pleasure of a discoverer, and she and her little knot of girls talked long and volubly of flowers, their seasons and properties.

Next entered Louisa, a tender-hearted, reflecting girl. She threw herself abstractedly into a chair. "What ails you, Louisa?" asked her instructress.

"Things puzzle me so!" she replied, and the tears that had gathered in her eyes flowed down her cheeks. "Just as I passed the hotel, a travelling carriage, with two young men in it, and beautiful horses and everything elegant, and a servant in a dickey behind, stopped there. And just then a pale woman, a traveller—passed on foot with a baby in her arms, and a little boy—a pretty little fellow—trudging along by her side. Now, why should there be such a horrid difference in people's condition in this world?"

Much conversation followed on what was evil

and what was not—on its origin and tendency; and though Louisa's puzzle could not be quite satisfactorily solved, the girls' minds were awakened, and their hearts stirred up by their teacher (who never lost an opportunity of exciting them to good) to the resolution to do all in their power to lessen the painful disparities of this life.

The last straggler from the circle was Jane D——. She had been to the post-office, and there she had heard some gentleman read from the paper the account of a contemplated establishment of communication by steam through the Mediterranean, between England and the East Indian possessions. The gentleman had remarked, that no one could conjecture, even, how the commercial relations of the world were to be changed by steam.

The idea was a new one to Jane, and it excited her intelligent mind. She asked a great many questions, which elicited from a well-informed circle much information.

Now, my friends, these are but slight illustrations of the well-directed conversation of a society of young people. Is it not better than talking of your neighbours' petty concerns—of mantillas, belts, and 'yellow cap-ribbons?' Is it not better than discussing the foibles of your acquaintance, and publishing their wrong-doings?

It is common for young people to shrink from taking part in the conversation of their

elders. If you exhort them on this subject, they reply, "O! I can't talk with grown-up people." This feeling is not so much their fault, as the fault of those who have had the care of their childhood. Very young members of the home-society, if properly talked to, are intelligent listeners, and early learn, without pertness or bashfulness, to take their minor part in conversation.

You hear it said of such and such persons, that "they are gifted in conversation." Enlarge the boundaries of your knowledge, my young friends, keep your senses on the alert, and fill your hearts to overflowing, and you need not envy the "gifted."

Don't think that your minds must be kept on a perpetual strain, to talk in fine language and well-turned sentences on choice topics. Nothing is more disagreeable than the *stillness* and haranguing of such talkers.

Simplicity and *naturalness* are the charms of conversation. You will find yourself better pleased and often more edified by common sense and good humour, than by the display of what is called an eloquent talker.

I still fear you may fall into the mistake of thinking that this advice implies you must always talk well and wisely. No, my dear girls, I know you too well. You *must* sometimes talk nonsense—'run on,' and I like to hear you; but let it be *only sometimes*, and however light and vapourish the nonsense may be, only take care

that there be not a residuum of one drop of bitterness.

We should not often present Napoleon as an example to our gentle young friends, but we would remind them that it was said of him, that he was never in company with any one, however inferior his condition, or humble his occupation, without eliciting by his questions some information. If he encountered an old woman in ascending an Alpine mountain, he learned from her how her people earned their bread, and how they contrived to pay their taxes. If, in a forced march, he stopped at a blacksmith's to have a nail put in his horse's shoe, he learned the cost and qualities of different irons. It was said of the celebrated Edmund Burke, that he never took shelter from a storm, under a shed with wayfarers, without leaving them wiser than he found them.

A few words as to the minor qualities and graces of conversation. We may overlook coarse language, vulgar phraseology, and bad grammar in illiterate persons, but all those who have the advantage of our common schools ought to be exempt from these faults. Choose the words and forms of expression that most clearly and strongly express your ideas. From two words nearly synonymous select the one most commonly used, for it will be most generally understood; and I pray you to avoid the pedantry of talking rather to display your own knowledge

than to communicate pleasure to others. Simplicity is the charm of conversation.

Bad grammar is very common. It is not easy to learn to talk grammatically from books. Your parents, my young friends, for the most part, had not the advantages of school-education that you have, and you very early and naturally imbibe their incorrect phraseology. You can only reform this by a strict attention to the instructions of your teachers, to the rules of your books, and to the modes of speaking observed in the best societies which you frequent.

Pronunciation is another grace in conversation, to which you would do well to attend by consulting the best standards. But more important than this, is a clear and distinct articulation. This is a *must-have*. Without it, if you were to utter all the apophthegms of the seven wise men, the half of them would fall unheeded from your lips.

There is no grace in which education is more apparent than in the modulation of the voice. It is remarked by foreigners, who are the best judges of such a national characteristic, that the voices of our females are pitched too high; that they are shrill and disagreeable. "A soft voice, an excellent thing in woman," says Shakspeare—'excellent in woman,' because indicative of gentleness and modesty.

After having triumphed over the sins, follies, and frivolities that beset conversation, do not

fall into the affectations—affectations of voice, pronunciation, intonation, and manner.

And now, my dear young friends, hoping that I may have excited you to think a little more of the use and abuses of the tongue than you have thought before, I leave the subject, with the earnest wish that, in the striking language of Scripture, "the tongue may be a tree of life" to you, and that "keeping that, you may keep your own souls."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOOKS.

WHAT is a book, my young friends? Is it not a cabinet which contains the most interesting creation of God, the mind of a human being, a portion of the Divine mind. From this mind you may have been separated by intervening ages; oceans may have divided you. But here it has come to your home, to dwell with you, to impart to you its best thoughts, to communicate to you its observations and experience; and to share with you the treasures of knowledge acquired by days, nights, and years of laborious study.

Time was when books could only be obtained at great pains and expense, when they were the rarest luxuries; now they come to the humblest of your homes. The historian recounts to you the history of past ages, and makes you acquainted with all the nations of the world. The traveller opens to you the farthest East, guides

you through the heart of Africa, and familiarises you with the manners, sciences, and arts of the polished nations of Europe. The biographer tells you the story of the great and good. The man of science makes you acquainted with the stars, and discloses to you the secret treasures hidden in the bosom of the earth. The poet throws a veil of enchantment over the realities of life, and the writer of fiction stirs up your heart through the medium of your imagination. One book does more than all these. It tells you of Him who was before the world was made; it instructs you in your duty and destiny. Do not such friends deserve respect, honour, and all observance?

Think of your favourite author, whoever he may be. You would have esteemed it an honour and an inexpressible pleasure to have been in his society for half an hour. You would have listened for every word that dropped from his lips, and have remembered and repeated it. And here, in his book, the treasures of his mind are given to you; you have not merely a glimpse of them, they abide with you. They wait your leisure and convenience. If you are, by any misfortune, cut off from occupation and society, there they are to instruct and cheer you.

Think, my dear young friends, of the difference that is made in the character of a human being, simply by reading. Compare an Irish girl who comes to this country at fifteen or sixteen, who has never been taught to read, with one of your

own countrywomen, in the humblest condition, of the same age, who "*loves to read*," and who has read the books within her reach! Books are the best property of the rich; think what they are to the poor who *really love them*. Compare the pampered boy who cares for nothing so much as the indulgence of his sensual appetites, fretting over a table spread luxuriously, to a little fellow who, coming from the district school with his empty luncheon basket, snatches his Robinson Crusoe from the shelf, and while his half-frozen toes are warming, devours it, forgetful of every evil in life.

It was but yesterday that I was at the humble home of a revolutionary soldier, a pensioner. I found his wife reading. Her eight children are dispersed south and west, and the old pair are left alone. They live far away from the village, and hardly put their heads out of doors from November till March. I involuntarily expressed my sympathy in their solitary condition, "Oh!" replied the old lady, most cheerily, "I have company—*books*, the best of company."

Think over your acquaintance, my young friends; I am sure you will find among them some old person, some invalid, some one cut off from social pleasures, to whom life would be a tedious burden, if it were not for books. If there is a real love of books, there is hardly a limit to be set to the knowledge that may be acquired from them without the aid of instructors, schools, or colleges.

Governor Everett, in a late address, gives an example of how much may be effected by books, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, by a person bent on acquiring knowledge. He quotes from the letter of a *blacksmith*, who says that his advantages of education were limited to a district-school before he was fifteen years old. He was then apprenticed to a blacksmith, but previous to that time he had, to quote his own words, "acquired an indomitable passion for reading." At the intervals of acquiring his trade he learned from books, without a teacher, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Since then, he says, "through the facilities afforded by the books of the American Antiquarian Society, I have added so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of fifty of them with more or less facility." You see here what difficulties may and will be overcome by one who has an "indomitable passion for reading," for it was to read works in their originals that this remarkable man made such efforts.

An accomplished scholar and one of the first geniuses of the last century said, he was more indebted to a love of reading acquired during a sickly childhood, than to all other sources of improvement. And it is well known that Sir Walter Scott acquired the taste and much of the material to which we owe his delightful books,

from the books he read when, a lame boy, he was lying on his bed.

I could fill a volume with the benefits resulting from a love of books—may you learn it, my dear young friends, far better from your own experience! A love for reading is, with some, merely the keen appetite of a superior mind. It would be felt under any circumstances whatever. But these are the few—the gifted. With most persons the taste for reading must be cultivated. I believe there is no habit easier to form. Intelligent children who live in reading families, with very few exceptions, are fond of reading as soon as they can read with facility.

But if you have been so unfortunate as not to acquire this habit of reading early, form it now for yourself. If you are not capable of selecting your own books, take the advice of some friend who knows the wants of your mind. Resolve to devote a portion of every day, for a year to come, to reading, and then if you forget your resolution it will not signify. Love of reading will, by that time, surely take the place of habit, and do your mind vastly more good.

The selection of books is next in importance to a love of reading. And here books have an obvious advantage over society. You cannot always choose your company, you may your books; at least you may reject those that are worthless and unimproving.

It is difficult to give any general advice as to

the selection of books, because so much depends on the character, opportunities, and leisure of the individual.

Books are now so cheap, and so generally diffused, that there are very few who cannot *select;* and they are so adapted to every mind, that the dullest may be stimulated to interest, and the most fastidious may be satisfied.

It would be too painful to me to believe that there is one among you to whom it is necessary to say, "Regard the Bible as the first and best of books." But I fear, my young friends, that you read the Bible much less than you should. The multitude of religious books and tracts have in some measure superseded it. You are attracted by a story, and to get a little pure gold you receive a deal of dross. Many of these books, I know, derive their spirit from the Bible; many of them are useful and delightful; but let them take a subordinate place, and not encroach on the time you have to give to the reading of the Bible. Do not be satisfied to drink from the stream which is imbued with much earthy material, when you can go to the pure fountain.

I advise you, my young friends, to read the Bible daily, provided you give your minds to it. But beware of reading it as a mere habit, from an impression that you perform a religious act, if you read a certain portion of the holy book; such reading is merely conformity to the

letter—and "the letter killeth" you know, it is the "spirit that giveth life."

If you maintain the habit from a sense of duty, not merely from a superstitious fear, the spirit will not be long absent. I know a young person who for some years was engaged in a career that almost shut her out from religious influences. Her occupations were intensely interesting and absorbing. She had been educated by a religious person, and during the whole time she preserved the habit of reading daily a chapter in the Bible. She afterwards said she believed it was this habit that kept a religious sentiment alive within her.

You will find your pleasure in reading the Bible incalculably increased, if you will read it, not only with a spirit submissive to its Divine instruction, but with your mind awakened and eager to understand it. There are dictionaries of the Bible that explain what is obscure. There are books that will give you much light upon the history, customs, and modes of life among the Jews. There are others that explain the prophecies, and show you their fulfilment. "Keith on the Prophecies" is, I believe, the best.

All the light that can be obtained from other sources serves to show the truth of the Bible. Fortify your minds, then, with knowledge, my young friends. It is the ignorant who are the readiest prey to infidelity.

I have said before, that the books to be read depend much on the leisure you have for reading. Those who have but little time to devote to this mode of mental improvement, should be very careful not to waste it in miscellaneous and profitless reading. For instance, if you can read but few books, be sure that the history of your own country is among them. Make yourself acquainted thoroughly with its institutions, its past and present condition; its extent, climate, laws, productions, and commerce. All these subjects come within our own sphere; they may be called domestic matters. Think you, if a woman was well instructed, well *read* on these topics, she would be as incapable of business, and therefore as dependent, as she now is?

Think you, my young friends, that if women could talk intelligently and agreeably on these topics, you would see, in a small social party, the men talking party politics on one side of the room, and the women on the other discussing their domestic, their kitchen affairs, or talking over the fashions, or setting their heads together over a dish of gossip?

No; the effect of the intelligent and well-directed reading of females would be to improve the other sex quite as much as themselves.

The boy whose mind received its first training from an intelligent mother who understood the history and condition of her country, could not confine and depress his views to mere party

strifes, and puerile objects; and the boy who had an intellectual companion in his sister, would find his highest pleasure in the best female society.

Seeing how much depends on what you read, and how you read, I pray you, my dear young friends, to give your minds to the subject.

Next to the history and condition of your own country, it is important that you acquaint yourselves with the history and condition of the countries whence your ancestors came. Then you will be able to compare your own country with other countries, your own times with preceding ages. Thus informed, you will not fall into the common national vanity of fancying all knowledge, all virtue, and all progress, concentrated in the United States; nor into a worse error, a culpable ignorance of the real advantages of your own country, and insensibility to them.

You will find well-written and authentic travels a very improving and delightful kind of reading, You may lack money and opportunity to travel twenty miles from home, when for one or two dollars you may buy a book that will take you, with a well-instructed and all-observing companion, half over the world; or, if you cannot expend the cost of the book, you may get it from a society, or district library, or borrow it from some kindly-disposed person.

Good biographies are very improving books. The experience of others will often suggest models, advice, and reproof, that come in the

most inoffensive form. Many have been stimulated to magnanimity and disinterestedness by the memoirs of Collingwood. Some, who have presumed too much on their own attainments, must have closed the memoirs of Elizabeth Smith with an amended self-appreciation. Many must have had their practical piety stimulated by reading the life of the indefatigable Hannah More; and all of you, my young friends, may find a beautiful example in the life of our own unpretending countrywoman, Hannah Adams.

Every well-educated young person, who has leisure for reading, should be well versed in English literature. We know young ladies, who have spent some half dozen precious years with foreign masters, who have read half a dozen French works, Metastasio, Petrarch's Sonnets, Alfieri's Plays, and perhaps have stumbled through one or two German books, who have never read the classics in their own language, who have only *heard* of Addison and Johnson, have never read a stanza of Pope, and are acquainted with but so much of Shakspeare as they may have chanced to see represented at the theatre. This is like foregoing the life-sustaining and abundant fruits of your own rich land, to give your time to half a dozen precious exotics potted in your window.

In the wide department of fictitious writing, let your consciences restrain and direct your inclination, and rectify your taste. The attractiveness of this species of writing to all ages is

apparent from the child that, in its mother's arms, revels in Mother Goose's Melodies; to the old man that, with spectacles on nose, is seen laughing over the pages of Don Quixote. Its captivation should put you on your guard, my young friends, and teach you that temperance, if not abstinence, is your duty.

When our Saviour employed fiction in the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, it was, no doubt, to give to an important truth a form that should be universally interesting and touching. Few will object to your reading such fictitious writings as do good to your hearts; and while you have such as Sir Walter Scott's and Miss Edgeworth's, you have no excuse for reading the profligate and romantic novels of the last century, or the no less profligate and far more insidious romances of the present day; the trash that fills the circulating libraries.

Do not let a seductive novel trench upon the time that you have for more important reading. If you find yourself taking up Ivanhoe to read a second time, when you might read another book which would inform you where you are ignorant, and ought not to be so, have the resolution to lay it aside, and let it wait for some day when you are indisposed and listless, or are condemned to a steam-boat, and need a book that will stimulate or recreate you.

Above all, avoid *poor novels*, and the trashy tales with which some of our newspapers and

the inferior periodicals abound. Nothing is more enfeebling to the mind. It is like living on bar-room cordials, water-gruel, and re-hashed hashes.

Next to "what to read," comes the great question, "how to read;" and I am not sure the last is not the weightier of the two.

And here again, my young friends, I must urge upon you, though you may be tired of a word so often repeated—*attention*; but, without it, you can succeed in nothing; and certainly, without it, books might as well be blanks to you.

Think for a moment what is achieved by attention. It was by attention that Cuvier attained such perfection in comparative anatomy, that when a little bone was shown him, he could tell to what class of animals it belonged. It is by attention to his barometer that the mariner avoids shipwreck. It is by attention that the deaf and dumb are taught language, and the blind learn to read. By attention the Indian finds his way through pathless forests; and the physician, by attention to the skin, eye, and pulse of his patient, applies his healing art. It is by attention "that we learn to read in the human face beamings of love that no language can express, and of aversion that no language can conceal." Attention to the rise and fall of the lid of a boiling tea-kettle has led, by gradual steps, to steam-boats and rail-roads; and what calamities have been inflicted by a want of attention in these same steam-boats!

It is only by attention that, as our eyes pass

over a book, we transfuse its knowledge into our own minds.

No book will improve you, which does not make you think, which does not make your mind work. This is as certain as that the mill is not improved by the corn that passes through it, or that the purse is none the richer for the money that has been in it.

When you read, do not *take for granted*, believing, with ignorant credulity, whatever you see stated in a book. Remember, an author is but one witness, and often a very fallible one. Pause in your reading, reflect, compare what the writer tells you with what you have learned from other sources on the subject, and, above all, use your own judgment, independently, not presumptuously.

Knowing how short and precious time is, be more careful in the selection of your books than eager to read a great many. When you do read, read thoroughly, and understandingly. Many persons leave their reading to chance, and only read such books as happen to fall in their way. This is much after the fashion of the conduct of other affairs. There are not a few persons in this world who employ the teachers chance throws in their way, who follow the business they chance upon, and mate themselves with such as chance to offer. The wise and good select, and profit by selection.

I have known persons who had a vague desire of improvement, and a general impression

that it was a good thing to read, who would ask you to lend them a book; and when you asked what book, would reply, "O, any, they did not much care what!" Now, my young friends, you should no more begin to read a book without some definite object, than you would enter upon a road without knowing to what point you wished to be conducted.

It is a good practice to talk about a book you have just read; not to display your knowledge, for this is pedantry, or something worse; but to make your reading a social blessing, by communicating liberally to those in your family circle, who may have less time and opportunity for reading than you have. You may often, too, by the superior knowledge of a friend, correct the false impressions you have received; or your friend may have read the same book, and then it is a delightful point of sympathy.

There are aids to reading profitably, which none of our thriving farmers' or mechanics' families need be without. They cannot afford large libraries, nor expensive Cyclopedias, but they can afford a good English Dictionary, classical and biographical Dictionaries, a Gazetteer, and an Atlas. Without these aids, your progress is perpetually obstructed, your information is imperfect, and your impressions clouded and unsatisfactory. When I see a girl lay aside a book she is reading with evident interest, to look out, in a biographical dictionary, the name of a person she has just met for the first time, or

take up her atlas to trace a traveller's course, or her classical dictionary to explain some allusion,—I am sure she is reading, not merely because she has nothing else to do, or for a transient pleasure, but to acquire knowledge. All these books of reference, a *treasure for life*, would not cost more than two of the eight dresses for a lady's annual supply on the list of the Ladies' Almanac, to which I have before alluded. Is there one among you, my young friends, who would not give a superfluous gown for a useful book?

One word, before I close this subject, as to the preservation of your books. If you love them, you will respect them, and unless you are incorrigibly slovenly and careless, you will not break off the covers, soil the leaves, and dog-ear the corners. You would guard them as a miser does his gold, if you could but foresee the feelings with which, in your mature age, you will look upon the well-preserved book that was the charm of your childhood.

Sir Walter Scott, the man who found time for everything, was scrupulously orderly and neat in the care of his books. His biographer tells us that as often as he took one from the shelf he dusted it.

There is a common and offensive habit, destructive to books, which we should not presume to caution any *educating* little girl against, if we had not seen it practised by *educated* men. This is wetting the fingers to turn over the leaves.

It is wise to preserve your own books with care; to be careless of others' books is *immoral*. We have known the generosity and long-suffering of the most liberal persons exhausted by the negligence and carelessness of borrowers. Their books have been returned unfit to be replaced in their libraries, or not returned at all; and thus, in requital for their liberality, valuable works have been lost, often valuable sets broken up.

Surely this should not be. When you borrow a book, put a cover on it before you read it. Use it with clean hands. Never lay it down on the face, nor where it is exposed to be knocked down by the next passer-by. Do not weakly yield to any one's request to lend it again; but return it promptly and punctually. Perform the borrower's duty strictly, and Heaven bless you with liberal lenders!

CHAPTER XIX.

LOVE OF NATURE.

LORD BACON speaks of the contemplation of nature as a means of health; and certainly a love of nature is, in its influence on the mind and body, one of the healthiest of our affections. But, my young friends, this love needs cultivation. There are few with whom it is spontaneous, and they are persons of keen sensibility, quick perception, and accurate observation.

This love, like everything else, is to be acquired by *attention*. If you are in the habit of observing the face of nature, you will certainly grow to love it.

Is it not deplorable that multitudes should live through a long life, and die without touching the feast everywhere spread before them?

They are insensible to the

"Sweet approach of eve or morn."

They are blind to the beautiful processes of the seasons, and the wonder-working changes of the atmosphere. For them in vain is the bloom of spring, and the hues of the summer harvest fields. In vain, for them, the magnificent swelling of the ocean, the water-falls, the flowery brooks;—eyes have they, but they see not; ears, but they hear not. Now, my young friends, that you may not pass through life with the absolute loss of a pure, certain, and permanent source of happiness, I pray you to make the beauties of nature a *study*. If you live in the city, you are nearly debarred of the means. The book is closed upon your eye; but even in the city there is here and there a scattered leaf. There are parks and squares, where the fresh grass springs, and flowery shrubs give their sweet odours to the air. In every street, amidst brick, mortar, and pavements, that speak only of man, are trees, God's witnesses. Observe them, and they will express to you, in characters of beauty, the changing seasons. See their freshening stems and swelling buds in spring, their wealth of leaves in summer, their brilliant hues in autumn,* and in winter the naked graceful forms of those limbs over which the green garments of summer hung.

Man cannot cover up or efface rivers and bays,

* Some of our young friends may not know that there is no country so celebrated for the brilliancy of its autumnal foliage as our own. I once met a gentleman who crossed the Atlantic to see it.

those glorious works of God, on which cities are planted. You may occasionally get a glimpse of these, my dear girls, even if you are buried in the heart of a city. Watch the vessels gliding on the water, and the beautiful effect of wind and light upon them. Turn your eyes upwards. Your firmament is circumscribed; but you can see its lights, the most soul-stirring objects that meet the eye of man.

If you are so happy as to live in the country, the book of nature is at your command, and you may con your lessons on every hill-side. The roughest, most barren, most monotonous landscape has an expansive firmament, sunshine and clouds, a for-ever-changing and perpetual beauty; and if it has not prairie-gardens, Nature, if you love her, will teach you to make gardens of your own; and kind mother earth will yield you the wherewithal.

But it may be your happiness to live amidst beautiful scenery. Do not, then, be like those of whom Byron says,—

> "Poor paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noble scenes;
> Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?"

Do not be negligent of your great privilege. Next to having friends and books, we esteem it the greatest happiness of life to have a home in a beautiful country, amid tree-crested hills, where the streams from their mountain sources leap and dance along their descending channels, the symbols of youth and happy liberty; where

the summer-harvest waves on the hill-side; where a quiet river winds through the thick-standing corn; where the happy homes of the deep valley just peep through the trees that embower them; where the secluded lake mirrors the sylvan beauties that cluster round it; and where each season seems, to the lover of nature, as to the boy in the fable, "the most beautiful."

Each season, I say, for it is only those who are unobservant of nature that think the winter dreary and devoid of beauty. I do not allude to rare and transient appearances, when it seems as if Nature kindly spread her purest garment over her blighted earth, or to those brilliant days when the earth appears sheeted with glass, when every spear of withered grass is sheathed in crystal, and the trees are hung with jewels, but to the ordinary effects of winter in our rigorous climate.

Do you not love to mark the wavy outlines of the hills that were hidden by the summer foliage; to see the windings of the river that, now its veil has dropped, gleams, or rather smiles, upon you along its course; to see the lake sparkling up like a gem from the bosom of the valley?

Have you never observed the effect of the atmosphere in our cold climate; the excessive brightness of the stars in a clear cold night; the purple and rose-coloured light that steals along the southern and western hills at the rising of the sun; the transparency of the air in the

middle of the day, when the distant mountains look like walls of sapphire? and, above all, the indescribable glories of the sunset, when the mountains seem bathed in showers of molten gold and silver, when every cloud that floats along the horizon has the tints of the rainbow, and the sun, that perhaps a moment before had been obscured, shines forth from his pavilion of glowing clouds, and then disappears in a sea of glory.

There is no hyperbole in this, my young friends. The sunsets are not always so brilliant; but if you will observe, you will admit there is rarely a day that they are not marked by some beauty. Words but feebly express the glories of God, which the heavens declare. Nor does it need any peculiar gift to admire them. I have seen school-girls, trained to observation and out-of-door pleasures, as much excited, day after day, by a winter's sunset, as a child is by a conjurer's tricks. And is not the excitement more healthy, more ennobling?

These natural pleasures you may always have. In no condition or stage of life will they fail you. Will not, then, a true economy lead you to cherish a love of them? Well might Byron call it a 'waste' where they were not enjoyed. They have, too, great moral uses; their tendency is to preserve you from dissipation, from evil speaking, gossiping, and coarse pleasures, for their tendency is elevating.

They are ministers of religion. Madame Roland, a noble woman, who, from the crimes

and abuses of the times in which she lived, fell into the great misery of doubting the existence of God, said that when she was alone and looking out on nature, her doubts were gone. The Creator is visible in his works, and if you there draw near to Him, He will draw near to you.

We hope the remark of some foreign travellers, that Americans are peculiarly insensible to the beauties of scenery, is not just. It should *not* be so. Their pleasures are in harmony with our institutions. They are accessible to all. Some of you, my young friends, may never be rich enough to travel to the Louvre and the Vatican, the storehouses of the arts; you may never see the old palaces of Europe, with their long galleries of statues and pictures, but Nature's pictures, the unequalled models of the painter, are ever before you; her exhibition-rooms are always open, and no price of admission to be paid.

Drawing is one of the accomplishments, but does not come within our list of *must-haves*. Nevertheless, if you have an opportunity, my young friends, I advise you to acquire it. It may prove extremely useful to you. It certainly improves the taste and the eye; even a superficial acquaintance with landscape-drawing will increase your love of scenery.

Gardening is one of the pleasures which grows out of a love of nature, and ministers to it. The culture of flowers has been one of the favourite

employments of females, ever since Eve went forth to her morning labours "among sweet dew and flowers."

Labour is so dear, and men so scarce in the older parts of our country, that unless our females will take into their own hands the rearing of flowers, small fruits, and the more delicate vegetables, all but the rich must do without them—a sad alternative.

Is it not a fact, that the dinner-table in many of our farmers' families has, for the greater part of the summer, no vegetable but potatoes upon it, when there are ample garden-ground and females in the house, who would be the better for spending an hour or two out of doors every day? How many farmers' gardens in New England have strawberry-beds?

It is mortifying, in these days of improved cultivation, to see our little front-yards overgrown with coarse grass, with here and there an old scrawny woody lilac, or perhaps a few straggling neglected rose-bushes. These little court-yards, now mere waste ground, might be made to lend beauty, grace, and fragrance to the merest hovel.

Miss Mitford, who, among other accomplishments for which she is far famed, is a most accomplished cultivator, has in her last work incidentally introduced a description of a portion of her garden-wall, which, at the risk of making my young friends blush for their own neglect, I am tempted to quote. The length of the little

domain attached to Miss Mitford's cottage is, if I have been correctly informed, not more extensive than the average garden of our farmers.

"I know nothing so pretty," she says, "as the manner in which creeping plants interwreath themselves one with another. We have at this moment a wall quite covered with honeysuckles, fuchsias, roses, clematis, passion-flowers, myrtles, scobæa, acrima, carpis, lotus spermus, and maurandia bardy-ana, in which two long sprays of the last-mentioned climber have jutted out from the wall, and entwined themselves together like the handle of an antique basket. The rich profusion of leaves, those of the lotus spermus comparatively rounded and dim, soft in texture and colour, with a darker patch in the middle, like the leaf of the old gum geraniums, those of the maurandia so bright and shining and sharply outlined—the stalks equally graceful in their varied green, and the roseate bells of the one contrasting and harmonizing so finely with the rich violet flowers of the other, might really form a study for a painter. I never saw anything more graceful in quaint and cunning art, than this bit of simple nature. But Nature often takes a fancy to outvie her skilful and ambitious handmaid, and is always certain to succeed in her competition."

You may be discouraged by an array of flowers new to you, and of others, the myrtle and passion-flower for instance, which will not endure

the rigour of our climate. But there are beautiful plants enough that will, exotics and natives.

If there is no cultivator within your reach, who will give you seeds and slips, go to the woods and get the flowers that nature has so profusely sown there. The laurel, (calmia,) the wild honeysuckle, (aralia,) and the sweet-brier, grow all over our bleakest hills. The most beautiful species of the clematis grows like a common weed along our river-courses, and all the varieties of the orchis, the brilliant cardinal, (cobelia,) and flowers more than I can name, are scattered over even our cold northern states.

Girls of fourteen, some girls of twelve years, are perfectly competent to the weeding of strawberry-beds, training grape-vines, tying-up lettuces, transplanting cauliflowers and tomatoes, and the entire culture of flowers and shrubs.

A basket of strawberries is a gift fit to offer a princess, a benefaction to bestow on an invalid, and a resource for hospitality in a frugal household. How cheaply earned is such a luxury!—cheaply! the labour that produces it is paid tenfold in the health and cheerfulness of the labourer.

The time spent in embroidering pocket-handkerchiefs and tabourets will cover your garden-beds with strawberries, and fill them with flowers, the adornment of paradise—then, my dear young friends, calculate the worth of each, and choose your occupation.

CHAPTER XX.

CHARITIES.

THERE is one branch of the business of women's lives, to which the heart is sometimes given without the co-operation of the mind; and in nothing is it more important that the mind should direct the heart. I allude to your charities, my young friends.

Most persons receive their opinions and ideas from books; from the dictation of others, or from anything rather than their own observation and reflection. If you will observe and think upon the subject, you will perceive that all that branch of charity which consists in giving money, clothes, and food, holds a very different place in this country from what it does in those countries where the poor cannot *help themselves.*

I can only state facts here, and ask you to inquire into the causes. The fact is undeniable, that in our happy land there is very little suf-

fering from poverty. Except in cases of destructive vice, prolonged sickness, or rare misfortunes, there are, in the country parts of the United States, no hungry to feed, no naked to clothe, none cold to be warmed.

Observe, I do not say there are not shiftless people who are fed, clothed, and warmed by their kind-hearted and more industrious neighbours. But even in our crowded cities, except in cases of sickness and extraordinary misfortunes, there is no suffering save that which comes from ignorance, or vice, or imbecility; and ninety-nine hundredths of this is among foreigners.

In some of our cities, there are persons who are appointed to be ministers of the poor; to inquire into the causes of their misfortunes, and to find and administer the best mode of relief. These persons will tell you that infinite harm is done by almsgiving, and that habits of lying, laziness, and dependence, are kept up in the parents, and generated in the children, by encouraging them to live upon the supplies of charity, instead of working for the rewards of industry.

It is a very pleasant thing, my young friends, to give a bundle of old clothes, or a dollar from your purse, to a poor woman, and to see in return the tears of gratitude flow, and to hear the mouthfuls of blessings that are poured out upon you—the "God Almighty, that's above all, bless your sweet face, Miss!" and "the Lord be merciful to you in your day of trouble, dear,

and pour down his gifts upon you here, and hereafter!" And it is very disagreeable to search out in filthy streets, up broken stairways, or in dark cellars, the dirty wives of drunken husbands, to inquire into their condition, to put them in a way of earning bread, instead of begging it; to persuade them to send their children to school, or to service. And yet this better work can be done, and is done; and even in cases where the parents are too far gone to be rescued, the children are saved and made honest, industrious, and productive members of society —good American citizens.*

Do not think, because I caution you against a too free and indiscriminate almsgiving, that I would have you withhold your hands, and thus harden your hearts. No, my young friends, there is nothing better than a habit of giving; it keeps alive your sympathies with your fellow-creatures. And. surely there are enough unquestionable charities. There are multifarious religious objects in the societies with which you are connected, and the poor ye have always with you—the poor in another sense than the sufferers for food and clothing. Is there no deaf and dumb, or blind, or insane person within your reach, whom, by the fruits of those pleasant weekly meetings, where you come together in benevolent societies, you may support at the

* It is the charity which costs time, trouble, and thought, that is most effective both to the giver and the receiver.

institutions where the dumb are taught to speak, the blind to read, and the insane are restored to reason?

There is a great duty and charity, my young friends, to be done in our land, of which you will soon be capable. I suggest it for your consideration. Within seven miles, east and west of the place where I am now writing, in Massachusetts and on its borders, (as we flatter ourselves an enlightened portion of the United States,) there are, at this moment, a great number of Irish children belonging to the labourers on the rail-road. They are half savages, running about without employment, and without instruction. Now suppose some dozen or twenty good and sensible women in these neighbourhoods were to associate together, and take upon themselves, in turn, the instruction of these children; teach them not only to read, write, and cipher, but acquaint them with the condition and institutions of the country in which they are to live; sow the seeds of virtue and religion; train them to self-preserving habits, and subdue them to civilization. Four hours in a week, given by each member of the society, might do this—and would it not be a good work?

These Irish children are, I know, now ignorant, dirty, rude, and repulsive; but in them you see the future citizens of your country, and on native Americans it must depend whether they shall be the supporters or violators of its laws, a blessing or a scourge.

My dear girls, it is not necessary that you should fight battles, or turn politicians to be patriots. Here is a work of patriotism suited to the character and circumstances of christian women.

Perhaps you have a prejudice against the Irish. You may think, as many do, that they are a curse to our country. Believe me, my young friends, if you earnestly endeavour to do them good, you will find they have quick minds, warm affections, and most grateful hearts; and when once you have engrafted on them your own orderly and prospering habits, you will realise in your own delightful sensations that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

This foreign population is pressing upon us on every side, and not only christian charity, but self-preservation, is staked upon improving it.

You are now, for the most part, occupied with your school-education, and are not yet old enough, or qualified, to take an active part in the charities of the country; but in the common course of things they will soon come into your hands; for women are the natural dispensers of these mercies; and I beseech you to give your minds to the subject, that you may select the most important charities, and make them effective.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

THERE has been a subject much agitated, my young friends, of late years, which deeply concerns you, and which you cannot too early take into your serious consideration; for on you mainly depends the result, devoutly wished for by all the wise, good, and generous.

As you come into life and mingle in society, you will hear much talk of the "*rights of women!*" You will hear some persons maintaining that they have been defrauded of their own rights; that men, taking advantage of their own physical superiority, have made the laws such as to deprive women of the exercise of their natural and equal rights, and to keep them in a condition of perpetual subordination and inferiority. You will hear it even asserted by some of the bold advocates of your own sex, that women ought to have an equal participation in

making laws and framing constitutions; and that while they are deprived of this right, they do not owe obedience to existing laws, or fealty to established constitutions.

You will hear your more moderate champions maintain that there are certain steps in the advancement of your sex, for which society is prepared; for instance, that women should be so educated as to develope and fortify their reasoning powers, and to qualify them for more various and higher employments than are now open to them; that the laws be so amended, that a woman, ill treated by her husband, should be permitted to leave him, and to retain the custody of her children; that married women who come into possession of property by their own acquisition, by inheritance, or by gift, should be permitted to use, retain, or dispose of it in their own right; and that, at the death of the husband, the wife should have the same rights over the property and the children that the husband has when he is the survivor.

In opposition to this, you will hear it said, that these are new-fangled doctrines, which are only advocated by those who have renounced all subordination and obedience, not only to the laws and to usage, but to religion.

Others more gentle, but perhaps not much less bigoted to custom, will warn you to beware of overstepping the modesty of nature. They will say, that to talk about developing a "woman's reason," and claiming her "natural rights," is

very unfeminine, and that her language to man should still be

> "My author and disposer, what thou bid'st,
> Unargued, I obey."

They will urge you to keep within "woman's true sphere," and will limit that sphere to your conjugal and domestic duties, and the soft charities of life. These are such as will talk to you of the gentle sway of beauty, of the charm of sensibility, and the "loveliness of female dependence."

Now, my dear young friends, nothing is farther from my intention than to make you the bold asserters of your own rights, and the noisy proclaimers of your own powers. I believe there is but one way by which you will ever attain your own rights, and the firm and *independent* position for which Providence destined you.

Your *might must make your right.* By this, I mean, that you must qualify yourselves for the exercise of higher powers than women have yet possessed, before they can be entrusted to you; and that when you are thus qualified, they cannot long be withheld from you.

You must educate yourselves not only by profiting from the schools and teachers afforded you, but by enlarging the bounds of your observation, by making your feelings subordinate to your reason, by transferring your dependence

from others to yourselves; and by acting on the small occasions, in every girl's way, like rational, responsible, and self-depending beings.

Women as yet, for the most part, have exercised but half their powers. What would you think of the bird which, because she has legs, excellent and indispensable members, that enable her to walk on the earth, should never spread her wings; and yet this is in strict analogy to the life of a woman who is restricted to what some please to term her "true sphere!"

I pray you not to misunderstand me; I am far enough from wishing you to encroach on man's sphere. It has been well and truly said, that "when a woman claims the rights of a man, she surrenders her own rights." Unless she is wiser than Providence, she will not gain by the exchange.

It is as evident that men and women are destined to different departments of duty, as that they have different physical powers. And is it not also evident that a harmony may arise from this very difference, like the fine accord of different instruments?

I cannot believe it was ever intended that women should lead armies, harangue in halls of legislation, bustle up to the ballot-boxes, or sit on judicial tribunals. But what then? the work that is done quietly and in seclusion is as important as that which is manifested by collision and noise. Without secret, underground processes, would the sap mount into the tree and give

growth to the boughs that wave in the wind, and to the leaves that whistle in the breeze? By a similar and unseen process are the characters of men formed at home by the mother, the first teacher. There the moral basis is fixed. It is the mother's great duty to infuse the generosity and the self-sacrifice that make the patriot-warrior; she can form those habits of intellectual investigation that qualify a man for judicial authority; and she must train the boy to that love of justice, that strict regard for truth, and that generous sympathy, which will fit him for all his social duties. What then, my dear girls, does it signify if you are shut out from halls of legislation and political tumults, if the wisdom and virtue manifested there is the result, in some good part, of *woman's work*. And may we not hope there will be less folly and corruption in those places where men most congregate, when women are so educated that men may hold more communion on their great social duties with their mothers, wives, and sisters?

I have said that your *might must make your right*. To make my meaning plainer, I will recur once more to our friend Mary Bond. The tenderest friendship existed between her and her brother Raymond. The love of a brother and sister has been called the only Platonic love: and if by that is meant an affection with the tenderness of love, and the purity and disinterestedness of friendship, it is so. Mary was next to Raymond in age, and they were bound

together by that bond of sympathy which often unites particular members of a family, when, not loving the others less, they love each other more. Raymond saw Mary's accurate and intelligent performance of her domestic duties; he saw that nothing in her "woman's sphere" was neglected or slighted. Her habitual, thorough, personal neatness excited his respect, and her delicacy and the perfect purity of her mind his reverence. He once said of her, that he never, in the freedom and confidingness of their family intercourse, saw her do, or heard her say, anything that, as far as feminine delicacy was concerned, she might not have done or said, if there had been half a dozen young men present. And yet no girl could be farther from that dependence, helplessness, and reserve that some deem essential to the delicacy of a young woman. If *necessary*, she could have gone from Georgia to Maine without a protector, and what need of one, when—

> "So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
> That when a soul is found sincerely so,
> A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

But Mary was not confined to "woman's sphere." Raymond, as far as was possible by the communication of letters, participated his studies with her, and during his vacations they studied

and read together, and talked on those intellectual subjects that most interested him.

His home was more attractive to him than any other place. There was something in its genial atmosphere that made the meeting together of their young friends there quite a different thing from what it was in any other place. There was chattering merriment, "laughter without any control," and nonsense, for where the heart of the young gushes freely to the tongue, there must be nonsense; but still the spirit of goodness and intelligence presided; and the little circle was so fenced about with cheerfulness, mutual kindness, and refinement, that no vulgarity, envy, or evil feeling could enter it. Believe me, my young friends, there is no spell of enchantment like that wrought by domestic love.

Before Mr. Bond's death, he consulted with his wife upon the arrangement of his affairs. He had implicit confidence in Mrs. Bond's prudence, and they both relied on Mary to supply the defects of her mother's education. The property was consequently left to the widow, and wholly to her management.

Mary had always been fond of arithmetic, and had studied its higher branches with Raymond. She now proved that it was not to her merely a speculative science. She kept her mother's accounts, and when Raymond reviewed them at the end of the year, he found them accu-

rate. Clearheadedness and accuracy in accounts, a rare merit in a woman, secure the respect and confidence of a man. Raymond saw that Mary was her mother's chief counsellor as to what is termed "out-of-door business." He saw her most effectively aiding in the education of the younger children, teaching book-keeping to his brother, and various matters to the little ones, and in the midst of all these new cares and multiplied responsibilities preserving the sweetness and cheerfulness of her temper, the modesty and deference of her manners, and the unpretendingness of her conversation. What, think you, was the effect of the conviction of his sister's competency and goodness upon his character, and upon his views of the "*rights of women?*"

Would he not have a faith in the capabilities of women, which no argument could shake, and no ridicule could touch? If called upon to legislate in the matter, would he not maintain a married woman's right to her own property? Would he not allow that she and her husband were equal partners in their pecuniary concerns, and that, in case of survivorship, she was competent to manage the property?

Would he, above all, deny her right to separate from a tormenting or drunken husband, and to retain the custody of the children she had borne to him?

Would a young man who had enjoyed an intimate intercourse with such a sister as Raymond's,

be in danger from the allurement of vicious women? Would he not disdain the society of empty-headed, frivolous, and gossiping girls, and, with the image of actual living excellence *cut into his heart*, would he run the slightest risk of yoking himself to an uneducated girl, however beautiful, high-born, rich, and fashionable she might be?

As the testimony of a party is more satisfactory than the speculations of an observer, I shall take advantage of an extract from a letter that has just accidentally fallen into my hands, to verify my own opinion. The letter is from a college-boy (I hope he will forgive me) to his sister. "Believe me, you who have not the experience of a boy, cannot well conceive the affection which some sisters receive, and which all ought to deserve, although few, alas! endeavour to secure it. One who has an affectionate and loveable sister, who can sympathise with him, and show an interest in his welfare, has a greater safeguard for his own character than he ever could create within himself. If all sisters were aware how much power they exert over their brothers, if the sisters of the present day were what they should be, we should see a much higher standard of character and principles among the young men of this generation."

Now, my young friends, be "what a sister should be," what Mary Bond was, *is*, to her brother, and then you will be competent to exercise all the rights that the wisest of your friends

claim for you; and when you are thus competent, they will not, as I have said before, long be withheld from you. *Your might will enforce your right.*

CONCLUSION.

My dear young friends, the time has come for us to part, while I have left much unsaid that anxiety for your well-being and a long experience of life suggest; but I have already said too much if I have wearied you, and enough if I induce you to seek higher and purer sources of instruction.

I am not one of those sanguine advisers who flatter themselves that good advice must do good. I am aware that there is nothing easier to give, and nothing more difficult to take. You are so surfeited with advice, that the very word seems to make you hard of hearing. But, my dear girls, if I could inspire you with a desire to improve yourselves, I should feel that I had done more for you than if I had sent you to the best schools in the land, supplied you with the most learned teachers, and written for you a world full of books of the most excellent advice.

If this book lead one of my countrywomen to

observe the world around her, and reflect on her own capabilities, duties, and destiny, I will not go to the moon to look for it, where some one has wittily said, advice, with all other lost things, is to be found.

Your best friends, my dear girls, cannot help you, if you will not help yourselves. You must take your own training into your own hands. Suppose you were to assemble round a dead body the most ingenious mechanics in the world, and one among them, by some curious contrivance, was to give to the head its natural motions, another was to make the arms move, a third to set the body on its feet, and a fourth to make it walk; this achievement would demonstrate the art of the mechanics, but of what use would it be to the dead body? Of just as much, my dear girls, as are schools, teachers, books, and advice, to those of you whose minds and hearts are inactive. The mainspring is within. If that works, there are life, growth, and upward progress. Again and again I repeat it, there are none educated but the self-educated.

I have endeavoured throughout this book to show you that the condition of women in the New World is in some respects a new one—that women have here new opportunities, duties, and responsibilities. I beg you to observe for yourselves; to reflect deeply on this subject, and, if I am right, to conform to your new position.

I have earnestly desired, my dear young

friends, to make you realise that religion is not, as the young are too apt to consider it, something by itself, apart from our common concerns, something to be got at some sudden turn or distant period of life, but the golden thread which should run through all your actions, the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. If this be so, then this world's work, which inevitably occupies the greater part of your time, and the social pleasures that are your recreation, the commonest services, and your every day family intercourse, may be consecrated by a spirit of religion. If this be so, there may be altars in your hearts, and your homes may be temples of God.

"Other foundation," says the Scripture, "can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Build on this foundation gold, silver, and precious stones, that, in that day which shall try every man's work what sort it is, yours may abide.

And, now my dear young friends, I do not know that I can better conclude than with the two lines befitting all those who would make others wiser and better, and therefore happier, than they are themselves:

May ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did the adviser.

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